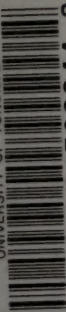


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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*Sparks  
and  
Cinder's*

*By J. Alex. Killingsworth*

2000





# Sparks and Cinders

BY

J. ALEX. KILLINGSWORTH

Member of Charity Lodge, No. 5  
Brotherhood of Locomotive  
Firemen and Enginemen

FIRST EDITION

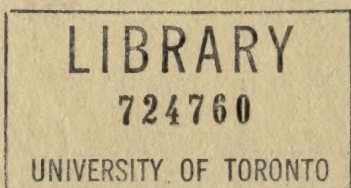
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To the truest and best  
friend I have in this  
world — MY DEAR  
MOTHER—this work  
is lovingly inscribed by

*The Author*



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## A MOTHER'S HEART

*Once an angel came from Heaven,  
When the world was new,  
And the one the Lord selected  
For the work to do,  
Was the highest and the brightest  
In the Heav'nly land,  
And he brought along as helpers,  
Angels, bright and grand,  
And they gathered all the kindness,  
Love and sympathy  
That the Lord had made to scatter  
Through each century.  
When the task had been completed,  
By the Heav'nly band,  
Then they mixed these saintly virtues,  
With an angel's hand,  
And when they had been compounded  
Thoroughly in part,  
Then the Lord commanded they should  
Make a Mother's heart.*



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# Sparks and Cinders



## THE FIRST DEGREE

Bill envied firemen on the road; he felt that life  
was just a load

Of grief and sorrow from the day he cast his child-  
ish toys away.

He'd heard about the splendid time railroaders  
have upon the line,

So dressed in his best togs he sped to the \*M. M.,  
to whom he said:

"I'd like a job upon this 'pike'; you see, I've al-  
ways thought I'd like

To fire an engine." "Let me see," the M. M. said,  
"you'd have to be

Full 'five-foot-eight,' with eyesight right, so you  
could spot red lights at night;

You'd have to weigh one eighty pounds to fire our  
'pelters' o'er the mounds.

Your hearing must be perfect, too, for otherwise  
you'd never do;

And then you'd have to pull your vest and let the  
doctors make a test

To see if both your lungs are free from microbes;  
then we'd have to see

\* Master Mechanic

## THE FIRST DEGREE

If you're a scholar, for you know if you are not  
you'd have no show  
When you'd be called upon to write 'exams' to  
show that you are bright.  
We'd have to measure both your feet to see if  
they are trim and neat;  
You'd have to buy a standard watch, for otherwise  
you'd make a botch  
Of railroading, for trains, you see, ahead of  
schedule must not be;  
For should your timepiece stop or fail, results  
might land the crew in jail.  
And lastly, you would have to make three round  
trips for the comp'ny's sake."  
Poor Bill heard all with wond'ring eyes and then  
remarked in great surprise—  
"I thought that all one had to do to get a job was  
call on you.  
I'd rather join the army where it doesn't matter  
how one's hair  
Is parted, just so long as he has eyes that do not  
have to see  
A mile, or read the finest type, or pick out red  
from green, at night."  
But, taking heart again, he thought: Once I am  
hired then my lot  
Will be much brighter; surely I can give the job  
a whirl and try  
To land some of this easy "tin" the railroad boys  
are raking in.

## THE FIRST DEGREE

"I'd like more information, sir," Bill said, as hope  
began to stir

Within his breast. "What may it be you still de-  
sire to know from me?"

The M. M. asked,—while thoughts of fear made  
William's topknot skyward rear.

"Well—after I should qualify, by height and  
weight, by ear and eye,

What would my future chances be?" "Your fu-  
ture chances, let me see,

You'd have to go upon the list with other 'spares,'  
and we'd insist

That you would surely stick around where by the  
caller you'd be found;

Of course, you might lay in a week—in truth the  
caller might not seek

Your service for a month or so, for 'spares' at  
times move out d—— slow."

With that poor Bill dashed for the door and by  
the boss was seen no more.

## THE SECOND DEGREE

“Here, caller, go and tell Bill Grey that I want  
him to call to-day  
To pass his primaries, for he is first upon the  
list I see.”  
So off the caller flew for Bill, to have him this  
appointment fill.  
When Bill reported to the boss he seemed to be  
at quite a loss  
To know just what the charge would be; just why  
the boss desired to see  
Him in his office on that day, the sassy caller did  
not say.  
He tried to think of what he'd done while out  
upon the prev'ous run.  
They made the time; the pointer, too, was in its  
place the whole trip through.  
The thought occurred to him: ‘By gee!’ the \*Old  
Man’s getting after me  
Because my watch ticket was late in reaching him;  
perhaps the date  
Upon my oil report was wrong, if so, I’ll hear a  
little song  
From the chief clerk about the way we firemen do  
our work each day,—

\* Master Mechanic

## THE SECOND DEGREE

"Well, sir!" the M. M. said to Bill, "I want the first five men to fill

Out these examination blanks to fit them for the runners' ranks;

At yonder table take a seat and write your answers plain and neat;

But I've some questions I would ask before you undertake the task."

"Well, ask them, sir," said our friend Bill; "I'd sooner talk than push the quill."

"Combustion, you're no doubt aware, treats of the gases, heat and air;

Its study should reveal to you just what a white-heat fire will do.

Now, should two elements combine with proper oxygen, what line

Of gas would be produced by this? The question's one you should not miss.

Can't answer! Well, I'm much surprised, but it is just as I surmised.

Well, try again; now surely you can tell me what you ought to do

To burn the heat-producing gas. Fall down on this and you can't pass."

Bill hesitated, tried to speak, and thought if he could only sneak

Out to a farm away from this, railroading he would gladly miss.

Again the M. M. caught Bill's eye as he heaved forth a monster sigh.

## THE SECOND DEGREE

“Of hydrogen and carbon, too, I’ve heard,” said  
Bill, “but it is true  
I never thought much of such ‘dope’; to tell the  
truth I never hope  
To learn the scientific way you men would have  
us fire to-day;  
I think I’ll go back to the farm, away from rules,  
‘exams’ and harm,  
Where hydrogen and railway ‘dope’ do not, in  
life, destroy all hope.”



## THE THIRD DEGREE

All his "exams" Bill Grey had passed, and, by the  
M. M., he was classed

An engineer. "At last," said Bill, "I'll leave behind  
this railroad drill."

No more "exams," no longer he within the  
firemen's ranks would be;

He'd show the others how to run a locomotive.  
'Twould be fun

To sit and see the fireman toil to make the alkali  
juice boil.

'Twas thus Bill viewed the future; he was happy  
as a king could be;

But as he sat and dreamed of bliss, the caller  
jolted him like this:

"Nine-twenty, extra west, and you have got some  
extra work to do;

You're going on the nine-thirteen, and she's about  
the worst I've seen;

She blows at both her valves, and more, her  
leaky flues squirt through the door.

She's got some flat spots on each wheel; her  
valves they groan, her boxes squeal;

Her wedges all need setting up; there's trouble  
in her "Nigger" cup;

## THE THIRD DEGREE

She pounds and roars and rocks and squeals, until  
a runner almost feels  
He'd like to get caught in a wreck and come out  
with a broken neck.  
They've tried their best to make her steam, but all  
their efforts only seem  
To make her worse. Her nozzles, too, have been  
reduced, but it is true  
This only made her burn more coal, while 'long  
the track she'd toss and roll."  
"Hold on!" said Bill, "who told you so; how is it  
that you chance to know  
So much about the nine-thirteen?" "Why, 'cause  
the work-book I have seen,"  
The caller said, with roguish smile, that did, Bill's  
Celtic temper rile.  
"Come! sign the call-book, hurry now, my time  
is money, you'll allow."  
Bill, with reluctance, signed the slip, and with  
true courage made the trip.  
He stalled on almost every knoll; at every coal  
shed he took coal;  
A tire came off; he lost a wheel; he gave the fast  
express a deal  
That made the chief despatcher swear and prance  
around and tear his hair.  
The fireman died upon the way, and since that  
most eventful day  
The poor conductor's been insane and thinks he's  
still upon that train.

## THE THIRD DEGREE

Because they couldn't get relief, 'tis said both  
brakemen died of grief.

Along the track can now be seen three graves, o'er  
which the grass grows green,

A sad reminder of the time Bill furnished matter  
for this rhyme.

But Bill's a better man to-day; he hasn't had so  
much to say

Since then. He's learned it doesn't pay to think  
one has the only way

Of doing work. 'Tis very true, it pays to watch  
how others do.

## THE LESSON OF THE ROSE

When morning dew was on the rose  
And freshness everywhere,  
I strolled amid the flowerets  
And drank the fragrant air.

A blood-red rose made lowly bow  
As though a friend to greet,  
I thought, what lessons one can learn  
From flowers bright and sweet.

This queenly rose, with blushes rich,  
Would seem to typify,  
By colors deep, and fragrance sweet,  
"Perfection," to my eye.

I pressed its petals to my lips,  
What sweetness it did bring  
To me, but ah! beneath its bloom,  
I felt the thorny sting!

And 'tis the same with things of life,  
That beautiful appear,  
We often find in love's sweet dream  
A thorn is lurking near.

## TO BROTHER \*J. A. LEACH

We're often made to realize the world is slow to  
recognize

The worth of men until, alas! we let the chance  
forever pass.

I'll not withhold my word-bouquet until from  
earth you're taken 'way;

I'll not wait 'till your wings take sprout, to sing  
your praise, I'll shout it out

So that my words will reach your ear while you're  
sojourning with us here;

No, I'll not wait until you're dead to honor you—  
'tis truly said

A word of kindness spoken here that emanates  
from heart sincere,

Is worth a million, friends might hear when  
mourners gather 'round our bier.

This waiting 'till a man's cold clay in mother earth  
is laid away,

To sound his praises isn't fair; my eulogistic words  
I'll share

With you, that you may realize how much your  
services we prize.

I trust you'll long be spared that you may in sweet  
reminiscence view

\* Founder of the Brotherhood.

## TO BROTHER J. A. LEACH

The work you started, grow and grow, until the  
Brotherhood will show  
The growth and strength you hoped might be,  
\*December, Eighteen Sev'nty Three,  
When with your faithful band you stood, the  
founders of the Brotherhood.  
You were the men who blazed the way to the  
success that's ours to-day;  
And, Brother Leach, I'm sure the day your earthly  
shell is laid away  
That friends will gather 'round your bier and  
eulogize your work while here.  
They'll bless your name and throw bouquets and  
talk about the early days,  
When members of your noble band did for the  
cause of Labor hand  
Out portions of your scanty pay to help the Order  
on its way.  
What consolation it must be in your declining  
years to see  
Our noble Brotherhood, and know 'twas you who  
started it to grow;  
And, Brother Leach, I'm sure, when you its deeds  
of charity review,  
You feel like sending up a prayer of thanks that  
you were called to share  
The honor great that's due to those whom the  
good Lord in wisdom chose  
To found a Brotherhood that He through haze of  
years could look and see

\* Date the Brotherhood was Founded.

## TO BROTHER J. A. LEACH

Would do as much by charity, as the B. of L. F.  
and E.

Has done, with cheerfulness, for those who earn  
their bread in overclothes.

Courageous band! your hearts were right when  
you decided you would fight

The greedy, selfish men who sought to treat you  
like the slave that's bought.

Here's to you then, and may the day the Lord  
selects to take you 'way

Be long in coming—still, we know that when the  
hour comes you must go,

You'll be prepared to take the call that in its time  
must come to all.

Long after you have learned to play upon the harp  
a heav'nly lay

The name of LEACH will honored be by men in  
our Society.

## COAL ON THE SHADES' RAILWAY

From the trip Bill landed, sore and tired, for the  
locomotive that he fired  
Had a reputation on the line that the English  
tongue could not define.  
So before he'd washed or combed his hair, he  
landed into a big, soft chair,  
And the weary lids drooped o'er his eye—he fell  
asleep with a deep, deep sigh.  
There was no rest for his active brain, for he  
dreamed he still was on a train,  
With the devil as his engineer; and his face grew  
ashen white with fear  
When he saw the tank of fine-cut coal he'd have  
to poke through the firebox hole.  
The devil said, with a fiendish sneer: "You'll find  
I'm a first-class engineer  
If you keep her hot, but sir, the grades are stiff  
and hard in the land of shades"—  
"Well, to keep the old 'mill' hot, I'll try," our  
friend Bill said, but his tear-dimmed eye  
Belied the hope that he sought to show to the  
engineer from down below.  
When his eye lit on the tank of slack, he prayed  
that the "mill" would jump the track.  
"Say, where did you get this real estate? Why! it  
looks to me like fine-ground slate,  
With a lump or two thrown in that make it  
nothing short of a gold-brick fake."



## COAL ON THE SHADES' RAILWAY

The devil smiled when he heard this said, for the  
secret thoughts of Bill he read  
Like an open book—"Why man, this fuel would  
break the heart of an army mule.  
I order this so the damned below, who fire with it,  
will be sure to know  
That they'll have no peace or comfort there, or  
the sympathy of friend to share  
The sorrow, pain, and the grim despair that the  
poor lost victims have to bear"—  
"I don't know a better way," said Bill, "if their  
lives with misery you'd fill,  
Than give them a tank of slack and say the coal  
is good on the imps' railway.  
On earth they have worked that stunt, 'tis true,  
when in their deceitful hearts they knew  
That the coal was awful, still, they thought—at  
least they said, that a fireman ought  
To furnish steam—why, your imps below couldn't  
get up steam enough to blow  
The whistle; and it's the same to-day—the coal's  
first-class, the officials say."  
Now the strangest thing, the devil thought, was  
the fact Bill kept the engine hot  
With the coal used when the trip was made; Bill  
blew her up on the stiffest grade;  
And Bill remarked, when the trip was o'er, that we  
wouldn't need shaker, rake or blow'r  
On earth, were the coal as good a grade as that  
which the devil made him spade  
In his horrid dream; and think! they say, Bill  
regrets the dream has passed away,  
*For he claims the coal the imps all fear is better coal  
than we get right here.*

## I APPRECIATE A KICKER

I appreciate a kicker when the kick is in the right,  
For a man to be a winner must occasionally fight,  
For he'll find the world against him as he shoves  
towards the goal;  
He'll be criticised, most freely, by the wise man  
and the fool.

But the chap that's got the courage and persistency  
will find  
That the "sticker," in the running, leaves the  
"quitter" far behind.  
He may wonder if the laurels of the race are worth  
the run,  
But he'll have keen satisfaction when a vict'ry has  
been won.

Still, I hate to hear the kicker who is never  
satisfied,  
And who seems to think that ev'ry man against  
him is allied;  
Always grumbling at the weather, at the climate,  
just as though  
He could run affairs much better if he only had a  
show.

## I APPRECIATE A KICKER

Such men never see God's sunshine, never see in  
Nature's plan

Just how far the work of Heaven is above the  
work of man.

To the av'rage chronic kicker, nothing beautiful  
appears;

He beholds life through a mist of gloom, a haze  
of grief and tears.

But the man who only stops to kick, when kicking  
in the right,

Is the chap who isn't slow to see what's beautiful  
and bright.

He can trace in ev'ry floweret, in blossom, and in  
bud,

The Divinity of Him, Whose Word destroyed  
the world by flood.

He sees much for thought and wonder in the  
miracles of earth,

And he knows full well how much the rain and  
darksome clouds are worth.

What is more, he doesn't kick because he wants  
to run the earth;

*He is satisfied to let the Lord control the universe.*

## I THANK THEE, LORD!

I thank thee, Lord, first for my life,  
Then health and home and friends;  
So much has been bestowed on me  
That ere life's journey ends,  
I'll be so deeply in Thy debt—  
But ah! no acts of mine  
Can recompense Thee for Thy love—  
A love that is Divine.  
And when I think how I repay  
Thee for Thy loving care,  
I feel ashamed, for daily I  
So many favors share,  
And in return, complaining go,  
With sad, ungrateful heart,  
And fail to note the wondrous world  
Of which I form a part;  
And when I look around and see  
What Thou hast done for me,  
I marvel at the mercy shown  
To frail humanity.  
If Thou shouldst suddenly deny  
Earth's loveliness to me,  
If I were blind to sunlight, bright,  
And could no longer see  
The flow'rs of earth, the smiles of friends,  
How sad my lot would be!

## HAIL, COLUMBUS!

Hail, Columbus! We greet thee, a city most fair,  
Enginemen from the North, East, South, West,  
so prepare

To receive us, and give us the freedom we crave,  
For our boys, they are worthy, indust'rous and  
brave;

We're the sort of good fellows that all like to  
meet,

And though clad in our 'bluejeans or broadcloth,  
we greet

Ev'ry friend with a glad hand and smile—we're  
the same,

Yes, in summer or winter, in sunshine or rain.

Sure! the poor we are ever delighted to meet,  
And to "tramps" we have often relinquished our  
seat

In the cab, while with victuals we'd cheer his sad  
heart,

Yes, and oft' with a half or a quarter we'd part.

And 'tis many a "Willie" has murmured a prayer,  
As he warmed his poor frame by the fire's ruddy  
glare,

And, perchance, retrospectively, thought of the  
day,

Long since passed, when he had a few "rocks"  
stored away.

Railroad boys have their hardships, the Lord only  
knows

The extent of their sorrows and troubles and woes.

During summer, they're blistered or roasted alive;

## HAIL COLUMBUS!

They just constantly swelter and sweat as they  
strive  
To avoid long delays, while they tug at long  
trains,  
Put together by yardmasters minus the brains,  
With the slipp'ry old "pelters" that seem to delight  
In revolving their wheels till they dazzle the sight.

During winter—I shiver to think of their grief,  
As they pilot old scrap-heaps that take a whole  
leaf

In the work-book to point out defects—mercy me!  
How they have any patience at all, I can't see.  
Who on earth can imagine the woes on the rail,  
When the frost or the storm king holds sway on  
the trail;

And the beautiful snow is piled up on the track,  
Till the drifts are in line with the base of the  
stack.

'Tis a season when coal pile and tank 'long the  
way,

Are most eagerly sought by tired trainmen each  
day;

They're as joyful a sight as most men hope to  
see

When the soul from its care-burdened body goes  
free—

But away with reflections like these, for we're  
here

To assist our Grand Off'cers the Good Ship to  
steer;

When our work's through each day we'll all share  
in the joys

That the Buckeye State capital holds for our boys.

*Written for the Columbus Convention.*

## RAISE LABOR'S BANNER

Awake! I say, before too late;  
Behold the future! See the fate  
In store for thee.

As sure as sun shines in the sky;  
As sure as mortal man shall die,  
Strong drink shall curse.

Heed thou the cries of kith and kin;  
Resolve to shun this deadly sin  
And be a man.

Raise Labor's banner if you can;  
Do honor to the craft of man,  
Is all we ask.

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

Remember, when you're laid away your bones will  
mingle with the clay,  
And "Unto dust thou shalt return." The flatt'ry  
of the world, you'll learn  
But seals the soul's eternal doom beyond the  
portals of the tomb.  
The pomp and pride you now display; the part  
you take in this life's fray  
Will be forgotten—yea, by those who in your  
prosp'rous lifetime chose  
To claim your friendship—thus, they say, the  
glories of the world pass 'way.  
But if your soul, when it forsakes its clay abode  
and fin'ly takes  
Its place before the Great White Throne, there to  
be judged by deeds alone,  
Be pure, and free from stain of sin, to glory it  
shall enter in,  
Such as this world, with all its power, the smallest  
portion cannot shower  
Upon its slaves, whose souls and health are  
sacrificed in quest of wealth.



## THE CAPTAIN OF THE TYRANTS

I've sung the praises, time again, of the true-  
hearted enginemen;

Told how they cheerfully obey the call to duty  
night and day.

I've also paid respects to those who'd rob the poor  
man of his clothes,

If by so doing they could take what he by honest  
toil did make.

The autocrat and plutocrat, in verse, I've shown  
where they were at;

Told how the earth they try to rule and make of  
man a common tool.

I've held up to the public scorn, in hope that  
others I might warn,

Oppressors who weak help employ and thus the  
country's homes destroy—

Men so unscrupulous and low that they don't  
hesitate to sow

The seeds of weakness that one day will take the  
nation's strength away—

Woe to the countries that allow child sweat-shops  
as we have them now,

Where money-mongers may employ small  
children and their lives destroy

## THE CAPTAIN OF THE TYRANTS

By robbing them of youth and health, in their  
ungodly greed for wealth.  
Like Shakespeare's Shylock, they demand the  
pound of flesh, while o'er the land  
The wails of suff'ring childhood grow, and tears  
from weeping mothers flow—  
I've told how millionaires do rave o'er costly art;  
how they behave  
In countries 'cross the ocean's wave; of how  
wealth-burdened women crave  
For poodle dogs and cats that share ill-gotten  
wealth; how these brutes fare  
Far better than God's children who toil night and  
day, and who, 'tis true,  
Just sacrifice their weary lives to furnish coin for  
rich men's wives  
To squander on some foolish fad to make their  
selfish, cold hearts glad.  
Of these offenders you've all read and often to  
yourselves have said  
You'd like to make those tyrants feel, who at the  
throne of Mammon kneel,  
The application of good law, not shrewdly framed  
with cunning flaw,  
Which high-priced lawyers do detect and use, their  
clients to protect—  
Now, honestly, you enginemen, if you'd been  
asked the question when  
The night was cold and frosty rail played havoc  
worse than blust'ring gale,

## THE CAPTAIN OF THE TYRANTS

If there was any class of men that could compare  
with those I've been  
Endeavoring to picture true—in all sincerity would  
you  
Consider it was fair and right that you o'erlook on  
such a night  
Yardmasters of the kind who roar, "Say, Bill,  
give that 'drag' ten cars more"?

### *TO BROTHER \*CHAS. W. MAIER*

*Here's to you, Brother Maier, and may  
The day you happened 'long this way  
Remain a reminiscence sweet  
Throughout your life—yea, till we meet  
On that Eternal Shore, where we  
From railway hardships will be free.*

\* Guest of Charity Lodge.

## A VICTIM OF THE TRUSTS

What is the hist'ry of that shapeless thing  
That lives and moves like beasts of burden do?  
Can it be true?

'Twas once a human form and perfect, too?  
What terrible disease has made it so?  
You do not know!

You say 'twas always bent and thus deformed.  
'Tis years now since the creature drifted in—  
Pale, listless, thin.

Its childhood had been spent at fact'ry work—  
Long hours, combined with insufficient food,  
And almost nude.

The body unprotected from the cold,  
Untaught, uncultured—a neglected child,  
Like savage wild.

No home—an outcast on the social shore—  
Just made a victim of man's greed for gold—  
Out of the fold!

Beyond the reach of kindness, knowing naught  
But sheer abuse, cold-heartedness, neglect—  
Just simply wrecked.

## A VICTIM OF THE TRUSTS

A victim of the trusts, that might have been  
A stalwart man, a credit to his race.

Behold his face!

See stamped thereon the marks of cruel life;  
Much cruelty has crushed the spirit out—

Ah! you who doubt

The danger of child labor to the land,  
Behold this human wreck! then answer true

What should you do?

To'ards having framed anew more perfect laws,  
And make it criminal to thus employ,

And to destroy

Material, to make our country great?  
Think of the millions who appeal to you—

Will you be true

To God, to country, and to fellow man?  
If so, help Labor crush this cursed thing—

Let nations ring

With Indignation's cry, in protest raised  
Against this worse than slavish policy,

At once agree

To fight against child labor 'till the day  
Comes when they shall be free from slavery,

Such as we see.

## A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL.

He was a queer old stick, was Bill, and life for  
him ran straight up hill.

He had a strange, peculiar way of saying what  
he had to say.

He was no diplomat, 'twas plain, which fact occa-  
sioned friends much pain;

For Bill was gruff and blunt, and he was rated as  
an oddity.

He had some friends but they were few, but they  
were friends because they knew

That often times the heart most true is not behind  
the clothes most new.

Bill always meant just what he said; he always  
called a spade a spade,

He didn't heed those who maintain it doesn't pay  
to speak too plain.

For surely it should always be far best to let your  
neighbor see

You've got the grit to disagree, when others' view-  
point you can't see.

Like money, candor is a thing, when counterfeit,  
that has a ring

That any judge at once detects and recognizes its  
defects.

## A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL.

Bill's candor was so frank and clear it caused his  
feeble critics fear;

But when it came to doing good there wasn't any  
man who could

Review a life so filled with deeds of kindness in  
fulfilling needs;

And while poor Bill was often spurned, much of  
the salary that he earned

Was, in a silent, humble way, applied to brushing  
tears away.

A ton of coal to widow Pound occasionally he  
sent 'round.

And when poor Fagan's health gave 'way he call-  
ed on him most ev'ry day,

And always in his arms he brought some things he  
had for Fagan bought.

But still, he had the same gruff way of meeting  
people day by day—

The world has many men like Bill, who, others'  
lives with sunshine fill,

Possessed of tender hearts and true, with sympa-  
thies revealed to few,

Whose ways are gruff, whose hands are rough,  
but still, possessing love enough

To make them in their charity a blessing to  
humanity.

Let us be slow to criticize impressions made by  
errant eyes,

But let us in our judgment weigh the sentiments  
of hearts—they say

## A QUEER OLD STICK, WAS BILL

That honest hearts are seldom found where pride  
and worldliness abound—  
Like violets, whose faces sweet, in lonely places,  
strangers greet,  
True hearts most frequently are found where lone-  
liness and grief abound—  
Like tempered steel by heat made firm, the heart  
its finest lessons learn  
Where sorrow, poverty and care, the blossoms of  
affliction share.

### *THE CRUCIBLE OF LOVE.*

*In ev'ry sorrow from above  
We see the traces of God's love;  
From out of suff'ring have emerged  
The purest souls—souls that were purged  
And humanized by grief and care,  
They, during lifetime, had to bear.*



## THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE

Last eve as I pondered before the hearth's glare,  
A vision appeared of a maiden most fair,  
With angelic features and soft, flowing hair,  
And eyes that would make any bachelor stare.  
Now why should a maiden so sweet call on me,  
And what could the mission of this person be?  
Were questions perplexing. She read my surprise,  
I saw 'by the twinkle that beamed in her eyes.

At once I decided to question and see

Why this charming visitor thus favored me.

"Dear Miss, kindly say why I'm honored to-night,  
Why you, as a bride, come attir'd in pure white;  
Perhaps you're a ghost in behalf of the dead"—

"You're wrong, I'm the goddess of leap year," she  
said.

"You're single, kind sir, I am led to believe."

"You've guessed it," I said, as my heart gave a  
heave.

"'Tis well," was her answer, "I've something to  
say

Concerning you bachelors, sir, if I may."

"Delighted!" I answered, desiring to hear

The tale my guest wished to pour into my ear.

## THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE

"'Tis leap year, no doubt you're aware of the same."

"I am, but if this is the reason you came  
Your mission will fail," I replied with a sigh,  
"For living just now is tremendously high."

"Pray, don't be alarmed for I'm not here to wed;  
My errand concerns those who should though,"  
she said.

"St. Thomas is noted for beautiful girls,  
With brown, black and blue eyes, straight tresses  
and curls.

Why then should the hearts of the young men  
be dead

To charms such as theirs?" "I can't answer," I  
said,

"Perhaps now that leap year is just about gone  
'Twill help some to hustle the slow ones along."

"I wish I might hope so," the shadow replied.

"There's no harm in hoping," I said, as I sighed.

"You're a B. of L. F. and E., are you not?"

"I am," I replied, "and I'm yet to be caught."

"Now listen! in Charity Lodge, Number Five,  
Are men who should make our prim young  
maidens strive

To win them for husbands; alas! it is true,  
With Cupid these men will have nothing to do.

The scandal of Charity Lodge is her boys,

Denying themselves matrimonial joys,

While many dear girls are just pining away

## THE SCANDAL OF CHARITY LODGE

For some one to ask them to name the glad day.  
To help out these maidens, I've come here  
to-night."

"You have my best wishes," I said, with delight.

"If I can assist you my service I'll give  
Most cheerfully, madam; as sure as I live  
I'll do what I can to help Cupid; I know  
His business with us has been frightfully slow.  
We've many good firemen who ought to take  
wives,

Unless they intend to keep 'bach' all their lives.  
Now read off your list till I hear who you've got;  
Perhaps you have some on the list there who ought  
To be reprimanded for being so slow.

Why he is still single, each fellow should show."

"Well, now to my mission, we'll go o'er the list  
Of those who by Cupid, the rogue, has been  
missed"—

But just as the shade with her pen made a stroke  
To add a few names—from my dream I awoke!

## THE M. M. GOT HIS "BUMPS"

This scarcity of men is bad: Why is it that they  
can't be had?

It isn't many years ago since there was a continu'l  
flow

Of applicants for jobs, but now there's none in  
sight—I must allow

I've never felt the scarcity so much before; now  
there must be

Young men, by hundreds, who would take the job  
and first-class firemen make.

I must have men, a scheme I'll try—I'll advertise,  
'twill catch the eye

Of men, strong, healthy, young, who weigh  
one-eighty pounds, and thus I may

Induce the class of men I need to take the job,  
then I can weed

Out the incompetents I've hired to substitute for  
men I've fired.

Reports I get from day to day say men are quit-  
ting 'long the way.

Just what to do, I scarcely know, for things like  
this annoy one so.

But then, my 'ad' will get more men, and once  
they pass the rules, why then

## THE M. M. GOT HIS "BUMPS"

We'll not have trains tied up, but still—I've got a  
lot of gaps to fill:

While meditating thus, Bill Sheare, the M. M.'s  
trav'ling engineer,

Dropped in to tell the boss that they had tied ten  
engines up that day

For lack of firemen, and 'twas true they couldn't  
get the mail trains through,

For cars that bore the 'perish' card were neatly  
blocking up the yard.

The M. M. turned and asked Sheare when he  
hoped to land a few good men.

"I'll look to you to get them, too, for that work's  
strictly up to you."

This thrust, it sort of nettled Sheare, and he  
decided, then and there,

To tell the M. M. why 'twas true young men  
wished nothing more to do

With railroading, especially young men who have  
ability.

"Now, let me tell you something, boss, it's  
mighty hard to run across

Young men, these days, who wish to be engaged in  
railroad slavery.

The scarcity of men is due to just such 'modern-  
ists' as you.

Why, I could get all sorts of men who'd do good  
work—nine out of ten

Would like to go to work, but they don't like the  
'red tape' you display,

## THE M. M. GOT HIS "BUMPS"

For you insist that they shall be from five-foot ten  
to six-foot three.  
They must be under twenty-three or otherwise  
you'll not agree  
To take them into service—still, the vacancies you  
hope to fill.  
Their lungs from microbes must be free and work-  
ing to a nicety;  
And colored yarn they must sort out—yes, shades  
they never heard about  
Must be selected from the pile; they must pick  
lavender from Nile,  
And purple, too, from violet, and red from  
brown, until they get  
So color-blind that when they're through they  
can't tell green from pink or blue.  
And then you put them through a drill and make  
them write on rules until  
Their eyes are weary from the test, which your  
poor judgment deems is best.  
And, furthermore, you make them buy a standard  
watch at price sky-high;  
And when with these 'exams' they're through,  
what do you give these men to do?  
Why, work that breaks one's back and heart, and  
tears his very frame apart.  
And still you ask why it can be we're up against  
a scarcity  
Of eligible men; to me, it isn't any mystery."

## DEAR EYES OF BROWN

A thought for you, sweet lassie, fair,  
Dear eyes of brown, and golden hair.  
We're many miles apart, but still,  
Thoughts of you always cause a thrill  
Within my being; and those eyes  
My soul's contentment tantalize.  
The Scotch are honest, constant, true;  
These qualities are strong in you.  
I never found you false, a lie  
Would find denial in your eye.  
Our paths run 'long a different way  
In life, but ah! some future day  
We'll meet on that eternal shore  
And—talk o'er happy days of yore.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

Lo! the universe is singing,  
Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,  
Hear their joyous chimes!

Nineteen-thirteen's slowly dying,  
Winter winds are loudly sighing  
O'er our native land.

Has the old year brought you gladness?  
Has it filled your home with sadness?  
Has a loved one gone.

To a land where there's no sorrow,  
Where there is no sad "to-morrow,"  
With its hidden grief?

If the old year leaves you weeping  
O'er the graves of loved ones sleeping,  
We your sorrows share.

Nineteen-fourteen may bring gladness,  
May dispell your care and sadness,  
This, our earnest prayer



## OUR JACKSON CITY \*GUESTS

You're welcome, a thousand times welcome,  
For you're knights of the throttle and scoop,  
Which proves that you're jolly good fellows,  
From the city of hardtack and soup.

We know, friends, that great tribulations  
Are encountered in life on the rail;  
Our hearts bubble over with pity,  
And the tears down our cheeks find a trail.

On duty, you've suffered from hunger,  
You've been buried in snow drifts galore,  
Been drenched to the skin as you shovel'd  
What officials called 'coal,' through the door.

You've doubled for water, and often  
At your lunch you would not get a peep;  
Your eyes longed to close in sweet slumber,  
For your lids weighed a ton—lack of sleep.

We know you've had woes by the millions;  
And old "pelters," that leaked like a sieve,  
You've fed on slack coal, while the "pointer"  
Not a hope to your sad hearts would give.

But ah! what reflections—forget them!  
Do so, brothers, and help us to-night  
To turn o'er the pages of sorrow;  
Let your feet find a dancer's delight.

\* Guests of Charity Lodge.

## OUR JACKSON CITY GUESTS

You're present in fin'ry and broadcloth;  
    You're such fine-looking fellows, I fear  
Our pretty Canadian maidens  
    Will be falling in love with you here.

It's not from the style of your outfit,  
    Nor because of the bloom on your cheeks  
We figure you worthy of welcome,  
    It is something far deeper that speaks.

If clad in your greasy old bluejeans,  
    With your faces smeared over with dust,  
We'd give you the hand of a brother,  
    In the heart, not appearance, we trust.

We know if you've passed through the "tunnel"  
    That there's nothing much lacking—to me  
It's proof, most conclusive, you're workers,  
    With a courage undaunted and free.

Last year we were guests in your city,  
    We were treated right royally then,  
Aside from the sorrow and mis'ry  
    That we shared while confined in the "pen."

We hobnobbed with guards and with convicts;  
    And we learned how they lived out their lives,  
Where laughter of children is absent,  
    And where men are not nagged by their  
    wives.

Our term in the jail was a brief one;  
    We were speed'ly released, and were told  
The walls of the Jackson State prison,  
    B. of L. F. & E.'s could not hold.

## OUR JACKSON CITY GUESTS

Canadian money was worthless,  
It was not to be spent in the State;  
The things that we envied were purchased,  
And the price was chalked down on the slate.

So, therefore, we trust that your visit  
To the city of "Saints" will remain  
Impressed on your minds, and induce you  
To return to St. Thomas again.

### *BACK TO THE "YARD"*

*The "spare" before the M.M. stood,  
He dropped in to resign;  
He'd had some trouble with a "drag"  
While out upon the line.  
The M.M. tried to keep the boy  
By telling him that he  
Could pick a job in any yard  
If he would just agree  
To "stick," alas! the poor "spare" said,—  
"I'll turn in card and key.  
There's just one yard I care for now—  
The barnyard, sir, for me."*

## WHAT COMES IS BEST

What comes is best; I wonder is this so?  
And if it is, pray, how are we to know  
It is the best? We cannot penetrate  
Life's darkened way; the problem of our fate  
We cannot solve. How oft' we sigh in vain  
For absent friends, whose absence causes pain;  
Still, in our breasts a silent voice will plead  
That after all 'tis best, 'tis what we need  
To calm and humanize the wounded soul,  
Encumbered with its sorrows manifold.  
We contemplate, from ruins of the heart,  
The busy world, of which we form a part;  
'Tis heedless of our sorrow and our grief—  
But after all, sad hearts will find relief;  
Beyond the grave we're promised sweetest rest;  
Once there, we'll understand "What Comes  
is Best."

## THE TICKET AGENTS' JOYS

If ever man deserves to be well paid for work  
performed 'tis he  
Who in a ticket office dwells, and listens to the  
public's yells.  
Now, it has always been to me the biggest kind  
of mystery  
How ticket men a smile can wear, while 'round  
them trav'lers stamp and swear,  
Because the agent doesn't jump the very instant  
these men thump  
Upon the counter, so that they can get away  
without delay.  
Some think that ticket men should be just waiting  
anxiously to see  
If someone wouldn't happen 'round upon a  
purchasing trip bound.  
They never seem to think, 'tis true, that ticket  
men have work to do  
Besides the little stunts that they, in selling tickets,  
do each day;  
Or gab o'er railroad guides and show a poor  
inquirer how to go  
So that he'll have no long delay at junction points  
along the way.

## THE TICKET AGENTS' JOYS

So much for the impatient jay who cannot tolerate  
delay.  
We now come to the boresome man whose  
questions agents never can  
Just answer right—men who desire replies to  
questions that they fire  
Successively, as though they though that railroad  
ticket agents ought  
To waste an hour or so in chat just to be sociable,  
and that  
These men, in offices, should know it is good  
business to show  
A keen concern in all the lies passed out by those  
who patronize  
The road; and that it doesn't pay to turn an  
angry man away.  
They want to have an agent say precisely at what  
hour of day  
The train, 'bout which they want to know, will  
land them where they want to go;  
And what the train connections are, without regard  
to just how far  
The place, the person has in view, is from the  
State the road runs through.  
Just when the agent hopes to be rid of his  
questioner, we see  
Another man step into line, to steal another half  
hour's time.  
And still, officials wonder why the ticket man's  
reports are shy;  
And how he possibly can fill the dreary hours—  
how he can kill

## THE TICKET AGENTS' JOYS

The many idle hours each day that he's obliged  
to while away.

We wonder at the peaceful face, the temper mild,  
the marv'lous grace,

Displayed by ticket men to-day, and at the kind  
and gentle way

The people's worries they allay, and such sweet  
temperment display.

'Tis true that ev'ry railroad man in some part of  
his duties can

Point out objectionable work; some things that he  
would gladly shirk;

But if I had my choice to-day, from ticket work  
I'd stay away.

I'd rather be an engineer or fireman on a train  
than hear

An irate public's tale of woe—in fact, I think I'd  
rather go

And spend my days within a jail, where strangers  
at me could not rail.

Let men who think they've grief to bear, their  
jobs with ticket men's compare.

## SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS DAY

The Christmas time, with its joy and cheer,  
Comes to make happy the closing year.  
What does it mean to you and to me;  
What shall we hang on the Christmas tree?  
Shall it be happiness, love and cheer,  
To bless the close of the dying year?  
Or shall the day be allowed to go  
And no kindness shown to'ards those we know  
Would appreciate a word of cheer,  
Bestowed at this gladsome time of year?  
What of the poor who will be in need;  
Will we pass them by and not give heed  
To those whom the Lord loved most of all?  
Why not do that which might save the fall  
Of some unfortunate mortal who  
Is strug'ling on with the tried and true?  
And the children, too, bright jew'ls of life,  
Who help to temper this world of strife,  
When clouds of sorrow their shadows cast  
Over the future, over the past;  
And whose merry laughter drives away  
The cares and sorrows of ev'ry day;  
Pray, what shall we do to make them glad  
And thankful a Christmas Day they've had?  
And what about "tots" too poor to share  
In the joys of Christmas, who shall dare  
To pass them by just because they're poor—



## SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS DAY

Why, the windows filled with toys allure,  
And make them wish, in their childish way,  
For Santa Claus and the Christmas day!  
And then when the glad day comes and goes  
And no Santa Claus, ah! friend, who knows  
How truly their little hearts have bled,  
As Christmas morning they crept from bed  
And ran to their stockings, but to learn  
That Santa was mean enough to spurn  
The childish prayers of the prev'ous night,  
That were offered up with hopes so bright?  
We needn't speak of the mother's grief  
As with parting look she took her leave  
When she'd snugly tucked her children in,  
And pressed on their faces, pale and thin,  
The "good-night" kiss, as the tear drops fell  
On each dear cheek, for she knew full well  
That Santa Claus wouldn't come next day;  
Because they were poor, he'd turn away.  
Ah! what of your duty, you so blessed  
With worldly wealth; are your hearts distress'd?  
If so, resolve those sad hearts to cheer  
With Christmas greetings, and close the year  
In a way to bring you joy so sweet,  
'Twill light your faces to all you meet.

## RETROSPECTION

You ask why I sit by the fireside,  
    You ask what I see in the flame,  
I answer, a vision is portrayed  
    Therein that's too sacred to name.

It helps in a world full of sorrow,  
    When days and when years are so long,  
To sit by the fireside, in silence,  
    And list to my siren's sweet song.

The glare of the blaze is a river  
    Whose surface reveals to the soul,  
That dreams in its garden of roses,  
    Sweet secrets that never are told.

## OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY

Comments are heard most ev'ry day concerning  
trainmen's raise in pay;

Fanatics are amazed that they should dare to seek  
a raise; they say

That enginemen should surely be well satisfied.  
They can't agree

They're underpaid, and fail to see how trainmen  
figure this to be.

Now listen! friends, I'll tell you why railroaders  
think their pay checks shy;

If they were paid for nothing more than heaving  
coal through firebox door,

They'd earn their wages, but 'tis true, it isn't only  
what they do.

Just think the chances these men take, who handle  
shovel, throttle, brake,

Of loss of life, or limb, then say they're not  
entitled to more pay.

All this considered, we can't see how any sane man  
can agree

That trainmen's wages are too high—it costs a lot  
these days to die.

Why shouldn't enginemen be paid according to  
their work and grade?

## OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY

What class of men is to be found who by so many  
rules are bound?  
In winter, blizzards, sleet and snow, no mercy to  
poor trainmen show;  
They live 'midst danger, grief and toil; in summer,  
swelter, fry and boil,  
They sizzle 'neath the scorching sun; their engines  
night and day they run.  
While critics warmly tucked in bed are to the world  
securely dead,  
These enginemen are bucking snow, their only  
heat the guage lamps' glow;  
While to amusements others flock—particularly  
those who "knock"  
The railroaders' high rate of pay, unmindful of  
the fact that they  
Can spend their evenings where they choose, and  
not a cent of wages lose;  
Or take enjoyment in their home, while o'er the  
system trainmen roam  
On "drags" of ninety cars or more, that would  
make any sane man sore—  
These enginemen must keep in sight or reach of  
caller day and night.  
Again, trades' workmen know that they can hope  
to have their job next day.  
It isn't so with railroad men, for now they lock  
them in the "pen;"  
And they may languish months in jail because they  
accident'ly fail  
To catch a signal or observe, in storm or on  
straight track or curve,

## OUR ARGUMENT FOR BETTER PAY

The flagman with his light of red to indicate a  
train ahead;  
Or if their orders they misread, yes, e'en a comma  
fail to heed,  
They're given thirty days or more to think the  
situation o'er.  
Aside from all the woe and grief of railroad life,  
'tis our belief  
If enginemen did nothing more than answer mail  
they get galore  
From the officials 'long the line, who think there's  
nothing half so fine  
As writing letters to their men to worry them to  
death, why then,  
They'd earn their wages ten times o'er. Again,  
officials fairly roar  
And call for statements ev'ry time a man looks  
cross-eyed on the line;  
Still, some maintain they're overpaid. Why  
friends! not half has here been said  
About the trials, grief and care, that make to  
whiten trainmen's hair.  
If those who harp, the truth could know, they'd  
feel in conscience bound to go  
To the poor enginemen and say,—“Forgive my  
ref'rence to your pay,  
I hope you'll get your raise O. K., without the  
usual delay.  
I trust 'twill be a big one, too, for enginemen most  
surely do  
Deserve high wages, for 'tis true they're underpaid  
for what they do;  
No class of men deserves to be considered more, I  
now agree.”

## A PILGRIM'S PRAYER

Guard Thou me, gentle Saviour, 'till my Pilgrimage is o'er;  
Claim Thou, Thy own, my soul is Thine, Thy guidance I implore;  
Keep Thou my heart from sinful thoughts, lest it should once rebel;  
Let me but do Thy will, dear Lord, all sinful thoughts expell;  
Control my mind, let it direct to keep me free from stain,  
To do Thy heav'nly will, O Lord; let me from sin refrain.  
Guard Thou my tongue, let it speak peace, and never let it pain  
Another by an unkind word, dear Lord, my tongue restrain;  
Guide my aberrant feet through life, lest they lead me astray;  
Guide them along the narrow path, from sin to keep away;  
Guard Thou my hands, let them be used to do Thy will always,  
To serve the weak, to help the poor, I pray of Thee this day;  
Guard Thou my eyes, turn them to'ards Thee, sweet Saviour, let them see  
Thy thorn-crowned brow, Thy bloody wounds, Who died for love of me;  
Guard Thou my ears, let Thy voice reach my heart—teach me to pray;  
Without Thy help, how soon we drift from Thee, dear Lord, away.

## IF PALMISTRY BE TRUE

In forty years from now, she said,  
I would be numbered with the dead;  
But while the years went skipping by  
No sorrow great would cause a sigh.  
I'd go through life so free from care  
That grief would never grey a hair.

She said I would get money, too—  
I do hope this part will come true—  
But then, the sum's to be so small  
I'll scarcely notice it at all.  
Once, twice, she looked in vain to see  
If there was not more coin for me.

Alas! she turned, with tear-dimmed eye,  
And heaved a real live-sorrow sigh,  
And said, "There's nothing in your hand."  
The news was more than I could stand.  
I broke right down with grief so keen  
That tear drops in my eyes were seen.

But in my sorrow, she consoled  
With hopeful words, as she foretold  
What would be greater wealth to me—  
At least, so far as she could see—  
She said I'd wed a maiden fair  
With soft brown eyes and chestnut hair,

## IF PALMISTRY BE TRUE

Who'd love me with a love so true  
That anything for her I'd do.  
Ten noisy bairns would be my lot—  
I jumped right up and said, "Great Scott!  
Is all that marked upon my hand?  
If so, 'tis more than I can stand."

"Don't worry, please; don't let this stun,  
Your life will be a happy one.  
In fact, if palmistry be true  
Age will bring happiness to you;  
You will enjoy life, do not fear—  
You'll get what's coming to you here."

## WHEN ENGINEMEN WERE CHUMS

*Those were the good old days, they say,  
When locomotives first held sway;  
When railroading was in its prime,  
And tab was not kept on the time.  
The enginemen were old chums then,  
And truer, braver, better men  
Ne'er handled throttle, scoop or wheel,  
Than those who drove the steeds of steel  
Through forests dense that echoed back  
The barking of the engine stack.*



## THE \*GREATER LOVE

“To J. M. Street, M. M., Dear Sir,—Quite  
frequently it does occur  
That we have firemen who appear to know more  
than the engineer.  
The roundhouse foreman takes delight in causing  
enginemen to fight.  
For months I have desired a change, but he refuses  
to arrange  
To put a man along with me with whom, at work,  
I can agree.  
I, therefore, take the liberty to write this note, and  
hope to see  
You make this change without delay. The man  
I’ve got is far too gay.  
I hate to turn a fireman in, but really, sir, it is a sin  
The way this fellow tries to shirk what rightfully  
is fireman’s work.  
He’s always late in getting ’round and, very often,  
I have found  
It necessary that I take my engine out alone and  
break  
The rule which says that there should be another  
man along with me.  
But still, this wouldn’t be so bad if I a first-class  
fireman had.

\* To give one’s life for another.

## THE GREATER LOVE

But this man cannot keep her hot; moreover, sir,  
he wastes a lot

Of coal; in fact, enough to pay his wages for a  
ten-hour day.

Therefore, I trust you can arrange to make my  
recommended change.

With best regards, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,  
William Kerr."

The M. M. read the letter through and thought  
the best thing he could do

Would be to have this fireman call, and have the  
man explain it all.

On turning to his desk once more, the man he  
sought stood at the door.

Imagine the M. M.'s surprise as there before his  
very eyes

Stood Fireman Holt, the man whom he that  
moment most desired to see.

"I've called," said Holt, "to get my time and my  
position to resign.

I'm tired of firing for a man who tries in ev'ry way  
he can

To make the engine work for me just twice as  
hard as it should be.

He's sore because I don't get 'round in time to oil  
her up; he's found

That in the service there are men who do this  
work; and then, again,

He thinks I'm wasting coal, but he, the quadrant  
notches, fails to see.

He never hooks her up where she, in justice to a  
man should be.

## THE GREATER LOVE

Up hill and down, it's just the same; if he's been  
shy of steam, the blame  
Rests with himself, and not with me; that's why  
with him I can't agree"—  
"Well! Holt, I have before me here a letter from  
your engineer  
In which he lays the blame on you; 'tis hard to tell  
which tale is true.  
You just return to work, and I, the roundhouse  
boss will notify.  
I'll just request him to arrange to shift the crews  
and make this change.  
I'll see you men are kept apart; I hope for both a  
change of heart.  
My men agreeable must be; why they can't be, I  
fail to see"—  
As this man left the M. M. thought that men in  
railroad service ought  
To strive to work in harmony, and in their daily  
work agree.  
They should be just the best of friends; the nature  
of their duty tends  
To make them chums; it isn't right that one  
another they should fight,  
And hate each other as some do, particularly when  
'tis true  
That either one would face the grave if he the  
other's life could save.  
But it is most surprising when the quar'el's between  
two union men.  
The obligation that they take to join the  
Brotherhood should make  
Them to each other always true, in all the work  
they have to do.

## THINGS OF REAL WORTH

Ah! when we're placed beneath the sod,  
The services we gave to God  
Will be the only things of earth  
Considered then of any worth.  
And when before the Great White Throne,  
On Judgment Day, we stand alone,  
Our acts of love and kindness here  
Will, as true witnesses appear  
In our behalf to plead that we,  
The things prepared by God may see;  
While ev'ry meanness, ev'ry word  
Of scandal spoken shall be heard,  
To terrify our startled soul,  
As there our lives before us roll  
Like panoramic pictures we,  
In stereopticon views see.

## WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

The trainmen, the officials met in conference and  
tried to get

A gen'ral increase in their pay, so requisite to help  
defray

The extra cost of living they are up against from  
day to day.

These two contending factions met upon a day  
that had been set,

When splendid arguments were heard, though  
some, the men thought were absurd.

In opening the chairman said: "At our last meeting  
here we made

Good progress; let us hope to-day we'll do as  
well. I trust we may

Convene in peace, for we detest contention, and  
'tis surely best

That questions we debate should be by us  
considered quietly.

Though we're officials, as you know, we come  
prepared to really show

Just how kind-hearted we can be; and we will join  
most willingly

In anything that will conduce to abolition of  
abuse.

## WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

Most earnestly we'll try to show our men that  
we're prepared to go  
The limit in our keen desire to help the men  
employed acquire  
What's fair and right; but still, you know, you  
railroad men must likewise show  
That you are willing to be fair in what you ask.  
We wouldn't dare  
To risk financial ruin to the road that is employing  
you.  
Of course, upon our men depends just what we'll  
earn in dividends.  
These profits, you're no doubt aware, the company  
agree to share  
With those upon our road employed, still, we  
don't wish to be annoyed  
By schedules which the trainmen say should be  
adopted that their pay  
May boosted be; we can't agree to grant a raise  
we fail to see  
Where we will make a cent this year; in truth, to  
be sincere, we fear  
We'll have to make a cut or two, to pull the  
railroad safely through."  
With "owlish" look the manager said that to him  
it did occur  
That trainmen now were better paid than almost  
any other grade  
Of workingmen, and that he thought the men in  
active service ought  
To get together and consent to have their pay cut  
ten per cent.

## WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

Now, Smith, a shrewd committeeman, was present  
when the talk began.

He heard the big officials say what should be  
done without delay;

He noted, too, the protests they advanced against  
a raise in pay,

But nothing pleased our friend Smith more than  
hear the man who took the floor

Endeavor in his flow'ry way to recommend a  
cut in pay,

For well Smith knew just who they were that took  
away the lion's share.

So, rising in his place, he made this ref'erence to  
the cut; he said:

"No doubt you gentlemen will be surprised  
beyond belief that we

Committeemen hereby agree to have reduction  
made; we see

Just where the pruning knife could be by you  
used most effectively."

These sentiments were well received; the  
comp'ny's advocates believed

That he'd been fooled by what they said, and that  
they had the men afraid

That should the road increase their pay receivers  
soon would hold full sway.

"Now, gentlemen," said Smith, "I'll try in my  
plain way to show you why

We're satisfied a cut or two would do no harm,  
provided you

A good, substantial cut will make in salaries  
officials take

## WHO GETS THE LION'S SHARE?

For keeping down the poor man's pay; this should  
be done without delay.

Just do your pruning from the top, and in the  
good work do not stop

'Till railroad managers all learn that workingmen  
these days discern

Disparity in rates of pay that govern railroad  
men to-day."

### *THE GEMS OF LIFE*

*If we're strong, and pure, and gentle,  
Though we humble be,  
We will make the world some better  
For humanity.*

*Strength, and purity, and kindness,  
Have a value great;  
The extent of our influence,  
They determinate.*



## TO WINNIPEG! HOORAY! HOORAY!

To Winnipeg! we hear them say;  
To Winnipeg! Hooray! Hooray!  
You can't afford to miss this trip,  
Just take this as a friendly tip.  
The grand reunion to be held  
Will, ties of love and friendship weld;  
So brothers, get in line and shout  
For Winnipeg. There is no doubt  
About the welcome you'll receive;  
We guarantee before you leave  
That great metropolis you'll be  
More proud of our Society.  
That great new city of the West,  
Which people say is 'bout the best  
That Canada has got to show,  
Will be your own, so, brothers, go!  
Of Winnipeg there's hist'ry, too,  
'Tis hard to realize is true,  
For the iron horse now takes the trail,  
O'er plain and prairie, hill and dale,  
That less than fifty years ago  
Was trod by herds of buffalo;  
Where Indians of war-like tribes  
Were thick as hornets in their hives;  
Where white men's wigs were prized, indeed,  
By savages who, in their greed  
For scalps, would sit up nights and fill

## TO WINNIPEG! HOORAY! HOORAY!

The air with war-whoops, fierce and shrill.  
They'd kill and scalp poor immigrants,  
And then they'd wear, for Sunday pants,  
The scalps suspended from the waist,  
And on their faces they would paste  
War paint, in hues from green to red,  
With feathers trailing from the head—  
Now all is changed, and there, instead,  
The pale face toils in peace. 'Tis said  
Those virgin prairies of the West,  
For cereals, rate with the best  
On earth, and one can plainly see  
From crop reports how this can be.  
Now Carter, Wilson, Shea, and Ball,  
And Kelly, Hawley, yes, and all  
Officials of the Brotherhood,  
Wish it distinctly understood  
That if it's possible they'll go.  
Our gen'ral officers well know  
Where hospitality is found,  
And they'll be there, "a sticking 'round."  
Friend McNamee says he'll be there,  
They couldn't tie Jack down elsewhere.  
Now, brothers, let us hear you say,  
To Winnipeg! Hooray! Hooray!

*Written for the Winnipeg Union Meeting.*

## A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART

While looking o'er the morning mail, the M. M.  
sat perplexed;

The scowl upon his face betrayed the fact that he  
was vexed.

"It beats the Dutch that I've got men who'll not  
obey the rules,

Men who perform like graduates from correspon-  
dence schools.

It hurts to have my knuckles rapped about the  
class of men

That I've employed the past few years, particularly  
when

I've tried to get the best there are—Oh well! it's  
up to me

To point out to those brainless freaks their  
incapacity.

'Come, Miss McRapid, take this down,—“To  
Sup'rintendent Best,—

Regarding yours of March the ninth, in which  
you make request

That Engineer McArthur call, that you may  
ascertain

Why he passed signal ninety-three, with  
Hammond's special train;

## A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART

I've ordered him suspended, and he'll call as you  
request,

And, writing you in confidence, I really think it  
best

To deal with him sever'ly, for 'twas seemingly  
neglect

That caused this blunder to be made—this train  
might have been wrecked,

There might have been a broken rail ahead, for  
all he knew.

The things that might have happened must  
apparent be to you.

We've got to stop this carelessness, and I would  
recommend

A sixty-day suspension, yes, and further, that you  
send

This man back firing for a year, then make him  
pass the rules;

With discipline like this the road would soon be  
rid of fools"—

"There now! I guess that letter will have some  
effect for good.

I'd recommend dismissal if I thought the \*Old  
Man would

Dispense with this man's services, but then I must  
not be

Too bold, or else the Brotherhood will take it  
up with me."

McArthur got the letter and he called as notified.  
He knew that he was most to blame, but somehow  
he relied

\* Superintendent

## A SUPERINTENDENT WITH A HEART

Upon the Old Man's clemency and fairness, for  
'twas true

The signal would not have been passed had he not  
tried to do

A service for his fireman, who complained of  
feeling ill.

His train got past the signal just because he tried  
to fill

A poor sick fireman's place, and thus prevent a  
big delay;

But then the trainmen often help each other in  
this way.

Now when the sup'intendent heard of this man's  
charity,

He told him he considered that from blame he  
should go free.

"Of course we must be careful for we cannot  
tolerate

The passing of our signals, but for me, at any rate,  
I promise I shall never recommend that any man  
Who works to save delay, and helps the road as  
best he can,

Shall be dismissed or censured—No, I want those  
men retained,

For loss by slight misjudgments is repaid by what  
is gained.

## TO BROTHER \*W. W. SCOTT

Brother Scott! you're an honest good fellow, we  
know,  
And the honor and praise, that to-night we bestow,  
Is deserving; you've worked hard for Charity  
Lodge;  
And it's true that you've never endeavored to  
dodge  
Or to shirk any duties upon you imposed,  
But instead, you have shown you were ever  
disposed  
To work hard for the brothers, therefore, we are  
here  
To impress you, to-night, with our friendship  
sincere.  
If we members were but half as faithful as you,  
What a wonderful, merciful work we could do!  
There is need in this world for good men who  
will share  
In the sorrows of others, and help them to bear  
With the troubles that come to us all in our day;  
And if help we should need over life's troubled  
way,  
You'd be one of the first that we'd call to our aid,  
And we know that you'd help us get over the  
grade.

\* Secretary of Charity Lodge.

## TO BROTHER W. W. SCOTT

Now, I'm sure, Brother Scott, on the day you  
appear  
At the Gates of Pure Gold, that your record while  
here  
Will induce good St. Peter to throw open wide  
The gold gates, and with angels, escort you inside.  
Then he'll hand you a harp, and, although you  
can't play,  
There will not be a saint or an angel to say  
A cross word 'cause the music that comes from  
your string  
Isn't up to the standard; instead they will sing  
Loud your praises, and make it so easy for you  
You'll be prone to find fault 'cause you've nothing  
to do.  
But we know, ere you're long in the Heavenly  
Land,  
That you'll hunt up the membership book and  
then hand  
Good St. Peter a list of some friends that you  
know,  
Whom you'd like to have brought from the regions  
below,  
And in no time you'll double the membership, too,  
Just to show him how simple the task is for you.

*Read at a complimentary banquet tendered to Bro. Scott*

## WE HONOR OUR HEAD MEN

The man who serves his country well, brings honor  
to his name,  
And though he never mounts the top rung of the  
ladder fame,  
He well has earned the praise of men, for loyalty  
should be  
Rewarded by admirers of our boasted liberty.  
But there are other forms of loyalty deserving  
praise,  
Without which any country never can expect to  
raise  
The standard of its people, and such loyalty should  
be  
As fully recognized as that inspired by victory  
Upon the field of battle, when the sword is  
unsheathed,  
And nations, in their anger, have the dogs of war  
released.  
Now by this brand of loyalty do nations rise or  
fall;  
A rule that has been proven from time  
immemorial.  
'Tis people make a nation what a nation's said  
to be;



## WE HONOR OUR HEAD MEN

An axiom, the truth of which 'tis very plain to  
see.

Who are those honest citizens that in the days of  
peace,

Do honor to their country and its prestige thus  
increase?

The men who do their duty by their fellow-  
countryman,

Who help the poor, are honest, and who do the  
best they can

To make the world some better for the pilgrim on  
his way,

Are truly honest citizens, 'tis only such as they  
Deserve the best we have to give—all honor to  
such men,

Whose lives are ever guided by this proper  
theorem.

The union man who does his part in helping the  
good cause,

By raising Labor's banner, in the hope that better  
laws

Will be upon the statutes placed, is doing well  
his share

To help his strug'ling brother some of life's hard  
loads to bear.

All honor, then, to our head men, who work year  
after year,

In fighting for the Brotherhood undaunted by false  
fear

Of blustering officials, who, in many cases, are  
As absolute in ruling as an autocratic czar!

## A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM

“How comes it friend that you’re always found  
Where rich are scarce and the poor abound?  
I should judge a man of wealth would be  
More fond of the aristocracy;  
But I find you ever with the poor,  
Who act on you as a sort of lure.”  
“Well! my friend, your question’s honest so  
I’ll answer that which you wish to know.  
The tale is weird, but a truthful one,  
Explaining why I the wealthy shun.  
I was once like other men you see  
Possessing wealth in abundancy;  
I was heedless of God’s humble poor,  
Or the suff’rings that this class endure.  
To me they were out of class with those  
With bank accounts, and I, therefore, chose  
To leave the poor to the care of those  
Who love the poor: as the story goes,—  
I had a peculiar dream one night,  
And its horror never leaves my sight.  
'Twas at the close of a long, hard day,  
In fighting men to reduce their pay.  
The lights were low, and the house was still,  
When a sick’ning odor seemed to fill  
The room, and then by my side there stood  
A figure clad in a crimson hood;  
A spectre grim, in a suit of red,

## A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM

With pointed horns on his fiery head,  
And a tail of most peculiar style,  
That he just kept switching all the while.  
By his side, he held a three-pronged fork,  
Which served him well in his devilish work.  
His restless tail in his clutch he held,  
And his clothes, of brimstone strongly smelled;  
'To hell, I command you follow me  
To reap the fruits of your vanity.'  
I tried to excuse myself to him,  
But felt my chance of escape was slim;  
For often I had oppressed the poor,  
For which offence I must now endure  
Eternal torment, but ah! thought I,  
Perhaps my guide I can bribe or buy.  
But on being tempted with my gold,  
He cast it far, in defiance bold—  
'Tis the way with wealthy men,' he said,  
'They believe that wealth will do instead  
Of good works and faith, but soon they'll learn  
The devil the rich man's gold will spurn,  
For wealth in hell is not worth, you'll see,  
As much as a bathing suit would be  
To Eskimos near the Arctic sea,  
Which isn't a great deal, you'll agree.'  
By the wails of suff'ring souls, I knew  
My guide with his task would soon be through.  
I could smell the brimstone, while the heat  
Of the pavement scorched my weary feet.  
Just then my guide gave a whistle shrill,  
That with fear my frightened soul did fill,  
And the massive rock was rent in twain,  
And I saw the dreaded pit of pain,  
With seething flames no power could quench,

## A WEALTHY MAN'S DREAM

And piteous moans, and sick'ning stench.  
'Twas an awful sight—that pit of pain  
I pray I shall never see again.  
'Come now,' said my guide, 'behold below!  
Where wealthy robbers of poor men go.  
In life there was much for them to do  
To help the poor, but alas! 'tis true,  
They robbed instead, in their innate greed,  
And the Scripture's warnings failed to heed.  
The wealth they wrung from the poor on earth  
Was valued only for what 'twas worth  
To please the flesh, but the soul, alas!  
Like the poor, with out-stretched hands  
was passed.

They sought what the world can only give  
To those who for worldly pleasures live.  
They amassed great wealth, and sought to be  
The ornaments of society;  
But they failed to see their pending fate  
'Till the world withdrew its tempting bait,  
And left them victims of sin and greed,  
The flames of hell to forever feed.  
And you, like others, have failed to show  
You made good use of your wealth, and so  
You'll now be hurled to the depths below,  
Where Fate decrees that such men must go'—  
But just as he grabbed to hurl me in,  
My hand slipped out from my weary chin—  
When I awoke, I resolved right there  
What wealth I had with the poor I'd share;  
And, therefore, the reason, friend, you see  
A truly wonderful change in me.

## DEAR EYES OF BLUE

In eyes of blue, I search, 'tis true,  
For secrets of the heart;  
But though they seem so clear, they're deep,  
And manage with such skill to keep  
Love thoughts from me apart.

Dear eyes of blue, there's love in you,  
And if you'll just agree,  
Your secrets to reveal, I'm sure  
That happiness we can procure  
Through Cupid's agency.

## A WASHINGTON WELCOME

We're anxiously waiting the moment  
The Brotherhood boys will be here;  
The Capital city, we promise,  
Will give them a welcome sincere.

We'll give them three cheers and a tiger,  
The city to them we'll award.  
To knights of the scoop and the throttle,  
Full freedom we'll gladly accord.

Though strangers they'll be in our city,  
We know that their hearts will be right.  
To greet them, as friends and as brothers,  
Will give us the keenest delight.

They'll come from the South, where the sunbeams  
Make work in the cabs hot as—well!  
Forget it, and think of the daisies.  
That beautify valley and dell.

They'll come from the North, where the winter  
Brings grief to the men on the rail,  
So great that to fairly describe it  
E'en Dante the poet would fail.

## A WASHINGTON WELCOME

They'll come from the alkali sections,  
Where sorrow and woes are endured,  
Because of the flue-leaking "pelters"—  
Their grief has been great, we're assured.

They're men who've been tortured by yardmen,  
Who've made them take on extra cars,  
Because the sun shone in the heavens  
Or sky was a-glitter with stars.

They're men who've been held on the sidetracks,  
With orders that kept them secure,  
Until they were clear out of water—  
You know what that means, boys, why sure!

They're men who've been pestered by callers,  
Who seemed to take special delight  
In hearing them swear when they called them  
For ninety-car "drags" in the night.

They're men who've been roused from their  
slumber,  
As off to sweet dreamland they flew,  
And told to report at the office  
And say why their trains pulled in two.

They're victims of valve oil reductions,  
Until they've been tempted to steal  
Sufficient to ease their old scrap heaps,  
Afflicted with groan and with squeal.

## A WASHINGTON WELCOME

Acquainted with grief and with sorrow—  
Unfortunate men of the "pool,"  
Their engines loose-jointed and shaky,  
And naught but a wrench as a tool.

Once here, they'll forget all their troubles,  
In Washington they will be free;  
What's more, we will see that each member  
Is given a Washington key.

### *HERE, GIRLS, IS YOUR CHANCE!*

*'Tis leap year! so girls just sail in while you can  
And pick out the cleverest, handsomest man,  
And ask him to wed you; he cannot refuse;  
Tell him in plain English you want no excuse.  
Your claim to this right most persistently press,  
Demand that he wed you or buy you a dress.  
Just warble the sweetest love song you can sing—  
He may take a tumble and purchase the ring.*



## THE CHURCH AND LABOR

Some rail at the churches and say they are wrong,  
because they don't keep in the sphere they  
belong.

What right have our preachers to meddle, they  
ask, in secular matters, when surely their  
task

Is that to inspire men with motives of love, and  
guide us poor sinners to mansions above?

Their mission should be to save souls, that when  
Death lays hands on a man and forthwith  
stops his breath,

He'll go to a place of perpetual rest, to thump on  
a harp with the Heavenly blest.

But questions of labor, the preachers should shun,  
and business of labor, by labor be done.

Now that is the line of objections we hear; to  
Christians such arguments truly appear

With truth, inconsistent, for truly our cause would  
perish the day we neglected God's laws.

Pray! why should our churches be silent when  
men obtain wrong conceptions of life; it  
is when

Materialism possesses the soul that man, once  
afflicted, strays 'way from the fold?

## THE CHURCH AND LABOR

The secular life from the sacred can't be sep'rated,  
in this all right-thinkers agree.

With problems of labor, the church cannot deal,  
in manner concrete or explicit, and feel  
She's not over-stepping her rights, so some say;  
to keep in her place she should constantly  
flay

Poor sinners, and scare them to death, lest they  
go condemned to the regions of brimstone  
below.

We read in the Scriptures that prophets of  
old did in pungent fashion the coin-makers  
scold.

How Micheas, Amos and Isaias, too, told rich men  
what God in His judgment would do

To those who ill-treated the poor at that time,  
and James the apostle was also in line;

He scored those with riches, and told them that  
they had cheated the poor by retaining  
their pay.

Luxuriously they had dwelt upon earth, and,  
therefore, their chance of salvation was  
worth

As much as their ill-gotten money would be when  
they from their poor mortal prisons went  
free.

And all through the Bible we read of the fate in  
store for the rich when they stand at the  
gate,

And face good St. Peter in earnest behest to enter  
the regions enjoyed by the blest.

## THE CHURCH AND LABOR

The rust of their silver and gold would appear a  
witness against them, and that it would  
sear

Their flesh as a fire,—Now the Scriptures, we're  
told, by them are ignored in their greed  
for more gold.

But frequently robbers of poor people go to  
church; they do this just in order to show

What Christians they are, when the Sabbath comes  
'round. Our point then is this: Where  
good preachers are found,

Who'll warn those offenders, and tell them that  
they will rue their transgressions at some  
future day,

'Twill help some to soften the hearts of those  
men, and show them how near to the devil  
they've been.

The church can't afford then, her aid to withhold  
from those whom the Lord welcomes into  
His fold.

She must take her stand with the laboring man;  
she must with sincerity do what she can

For toilers who earn, by the sweat of their brows,  
the pittance the world to the poor man  
allows.

Besides, there's the moral welfare of the men  
demanding attention of churches, and then

The church is commanded to see that the poor  
are not, through their poverty, heeding  
the lure

Of Infamy's dens, with their glitter and sin, and  
devilish schemes to entice victims in

## THE CHURCH AND LABOR

To hell-holes degrading, that pilgrims must shun,  
lest straightway their paths to perdition  
will run.

So, therefore, the church and the laboring band  
must work hard together—must strive  
hand in hand,

To better conditions, relieving the poor of  
burdens, for years they have had to  
endure.

We'll pray, and we'll hope, that some day we will  
see, Industrial Peace robed and ready to be  
Enthroned as a ruler, with statutes of love, as  
taught by the Ruler of mankind above.

## INCONSTANCY

*I have seen the dark clouds gather  
And obscure the sunlight bright;  
I have seen the heart-hopes vanish,  
As the twilight fades at night;  
I have seen the heart made heavy,  
That was once so gay and light,  
'Till its weight just crushed the spirit,  
Killing it like deadly blight.*

Therefore, lover, keep your promise  
Let its sacredness protect  
Honor, Constancy and Justice—  
Woo no heart just to reject.  
Hearts are fragil, easily broken,  
And no human skill can mend  
Hearts of tenderness that lovers,  
By the fickle methods rend.

*I have seen the dark clouds gather  
And obscure the sunlight bright;  
I have seen the heart-hopes vanish,  
As the twilight fades at night;  
I have seen the heart made heavy,  
That was once so gay and light  
'Till its weight just crushed the spirit,  
Killing it like deadly blight.*

## WHEN RAILROADING WAS NEW

I had a talk with Old Bill Jones, a veteran  
engineer,  
About the days when he commenced his  
railroading career,  
He called the past, "The good old days," because  
the men were free  
From many "fads" in railroading, such as to-day  
we see.  
"Tis true," he said, "I've seen the system  
revolutionize;  
I've seen the 'fads' adopted which the enginemen  
despise.  
Of course, sir, we had troubles, in those early  
days, to share,  
For then the trains were not controlled by  
automatic air.  
But still, there wasn't half the 'red tape' enginemen  
face now;  
We didn't need a secretary, which you must allow  
A man would have to have if he complied with  
the requests  
Of railroad sup'rintendents, and others with  
behests  
For written explanations when a nut drops from  
the tank.

## WHEN RAILROADING WAS NEW

The system now, we old men think, and justly so,  
is rank.

We didn't have to study air, combustion, or to  
take

A special course of study in machinery to make  
Out papers as an engineer, but still, 'tis very true,  
The men were quite successful in the work they  
had to do."

Hurrah! Hurrah! for those old days, when  
railroading was new;

When enginemen, once registered, with their  
day's work were through—

The days before typewriters were adopted, when  
it meant

Officials had to write with pen each letter that  
was sent.

No! those men didn't think it quite so necessary  
then,

Concerning triv'l matters, to send letters to their  
men;

But now they've got stenographers, and how they  
work them, too,

By sending out long letters, where a line or two  
would do.

How many times the men have wished the  
\*typewriters in—Well!

I do not care to say just where—but reader, you  
can tell.

*\* The machines—not the stenographers.*

## WHEN TRUTH PREVAILS

“Well, Brown, I sent for you to-day to hear what  
you would like to say  
To a report received by me which I considered  
you should see.  
I can't believe this statement true; and I am from  
Missouri, too;  
I judge not on another's word, and to be fair I  
can't afford  
To silent be while others say my men have acted  
in a way  
To merit censure, for 'tis true that this, officials  
often do.  
I know the rules must be enforced, but no report  
should be endorsed  
Until both sides have first been heard; to judge  
another on the word  
Of any man is not fair play; this rule is of a  
bygone day.  
Now this report from the \*T. M. says that Con-  
ductor William Flemm  
Complains about the careless way you handled  
the air brakes one day  
Last week while on an extra west. The T. M.  
says he thinks I'd best

\* Train Master



## WHEN TRUTH PREVAILS

Suspend you for a month or so, so that the other  
men will know

We do not stand for carelessness; our railroad  
trainmen must possess

Intelligence of high degree; their judgment  
excellent must be.

Still further blame on you is laid; 'tis said you  
stalled on Thompson's grade

Because you had run out of sand and couldn't  
get the wheels to stand

An instant on the slippery rail; this act, he says,  
delayed the mail

For forty minutes, and, had you not been shoved  
in, that it is true

You'd be there yet. I cannot see how this report  
could possibly

Be given truthfully for I could never fully satisfy  
Myself that I've an engineer who'd act like that;  
alas! I fear

My leniency has not been appreciated by my men.  
I know, Brown, that this isn't true; I have more  
confidence in you.

I know you're a most careful man and that you  
usually can

Get o'er the road in good time, too, therefore, I'd  
like to hear from you."

Brown heard all this without a word, but his Scotch  
indignation stirred:

"Well, sir, I haven't much to say," said Brown,  
"bout what you've said to-day.

## WHEN TRUTH PREVAILS

Referring to my poor brake work, would say I  
felt a mighty jerk  
Each time that I applied the brake, and asked the  
brakeman if he'd take  
A look around the train, and he reported some  
bad leaks to me.  
Some ten cars back he found the car that caused  
the rear-end such a jar.  
The triple-valve, 'twas plain to see, threw this  
car in 'emergency.'"  
"I thought as much," the M. M. said, "Now what  
about the Thompson grade?"  
"Why, I had sand, and plenty, too, but what  
could any fellow do  
With train of ninety loads of freight and almost  
double tonnage rate?"  
"Nuff said, I'm glad you're not to blame; I  
understand the T. M.'s game.  
He'd like to shift the blame on you, and my  
department, it is true,  
Would be charged up with the delay, and you'd  
receive a thirty-day  
Suspension; but I'll block the game by pointing  
out just who's to blame."  
"I thank you, sir, 'tis help like this that engineers  
too often miss,  
'Tis not surprising that your men so true to you  
have always been."

## THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

To pluck in the garden of childhood the blossoms  
and buds that are there,  
Before they've matured in the fullness of  
innocence, means one shall share  
The fate our dear Lord in the Scriptures presages  
for all who shall dare  
To scandalize those whom He loveth—and ill  
shall those miscreants fare.  
What then of the millions of children, whose lives  
are made weary and sad,  
Who know naught of kindness or sweetness, their  
tiny hearts never made glad;  
Who toil from the sun's rise till darkness, and then  
to a hovel repair,  
Where often with others in mis'ry the fare of a  
beggar they share?  
And what of the nation awaiting the day when  
those children shall be  
Her feeble defenders—her makers; what future  
shall such country see?  
The captains of finance are weak'ning the nation  
to further their gain,  
And statesmen, the nation's law-makers, assist  
them with statute and brain.

## THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

From whence comes this army of children, the  
pitiful wrecks that one sees,

Imprisoned in steel plants and sweatshops, in glass  
works and in factories—

From homes of the poor—of the toilers—of those  
who in poverty dwell?

Go ask them regarding their children and hear the  
sad story they'll tell.

Their piteous cries warn the nation, alas! there is  
no one to hear;

But some day—some time in the future, the fruits  
of this spoil shall appear,

And those with their millions shall tremble, and  
then shall the trust kings behold

The wrath of the Saviour of mankind, who  
welcomes the poor to His fold.

Those children in time shall be garnered, the  
cripple, the weary, the sad,

And safe in the fold of the Shepherd, their lives  
shall be evermore glad.

The wealthy may cripple the body and make it  
unsightly to see,

But souls just as pure and as spotless as angels  
display may go free

From prisons of clay to their Maker, but ah! the  
destroyers shall know

The value of those human temples, they wrecked  
with such wanton below.

'Tis then that the hunters of Mammon shall meet  
with the fate they deserve;

## THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD

'Tis then they shall learn there's a Justice that  
gold from its path cannot swerve:

'Tis then they shall learn that God's children, the  
sweet little blossoms of earth,

To Him have a far greater value than strength in  
their bodies is worth.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and woe to  
all men who shall be

The cause of destruction and ruin to fruit on  
humanity's tree.

### *A MAN OF WORTH*

*No man who lives an honest life, who loveth peace,  
and hateth strife,*

*Who would, his neighbor's load of care, most willingly  
consent to bear,*

*Should be considered less than he who mingles in  
society.*

*I'd rather grasp the poor man's hand, than his who  
stalks around the land*

*Believing that his "blood" should be considered as a  
sort of key*

*To open wide the hearts of those true honest men in  
homespun clothes.*

## OUR GUIDING STARS

The wise men of the East were led  
From other lands afar,  
Unto the Christ-Child Whom they sought,  
By Bethlehem's bright star.  
They came with frankincense and myrrh,  
Obedient to the call  
To find the Infant Jesus, born  
Within the cattle's stall,  
Where Mary, sweetest mother, watched  
Beside the Child Divine—  
And like Christ's star, good mothers are  
As guiding stars that shine  
To lead men back—who've lost the way—  
By love and faith and prayer,  
To God's Eternal Kingdom, where  
Christ's love they'll ever share.

## TO MY DEAR SISTERS

If all the sweetest flow'rs of earth  
Were gathered, then distilled;  
The fragrance, stored in golden urns,  
By brightest angels filled,

Would not, in sweetness, equal that  
Stored in two human hearts—  
God's Miracle! His Handiwork!  
That baffles human arts.

Those hearts of gold—those urns of love,  
Are treasure stores to me,  
And all the wealth this world contains  
Could not their equal be.

Those treasure hearts, of which I write,  
Belong to sisters dear,  
And thus, to them I dedicate  
The thought that's offered here.

## WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS

"Here, caller, tell Pete Smith to call on Doctor  
Brown to-day  
And pass the physical 'exam,' so that in case I may  
Desire to use him on the road he'll be O. K. to go;  
When he's been passed, tell him to call around  
and let me know."  
And as the caller hustled off for Pete, the M. M.  
swore  
That railroading, to-day, was simply rank, and  
then some more.  
For ten long years Pete Smith had fired; he felt  
that he had earned  
The right to be promoted, though he recently had  
learned  
That certain men had failed to pass the physical  
"exam"  
And were turned down; but still, thought Pete:  
I'm satisfied I am  
In perfect health; in fact, he felt just like a real  
"white hope"  
Which he ascribed to having kept away from  
doctor's "dope."  
Pete's ears and eyes were tested first, to see if  
they were right;



## WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS

The test revealed that he possessed good ears and perfect sight.

The doctor then looked up his nose, and diagnosed his brain;

He made poor Pete stick out his tongue so as to ascertain

Condition of the stomach; then he scrutinized his teeth,

He pried two molars loose to see just how they looked beneath;

He thumped Pete's chest to sound his lungs, to see if they were clear,

He found a slight congestion and he poured this in Pete's ear:

"Sir, have you had pneumonia, bronchitis or the croup?

In childhood did you have a cough accompanied by 'whoop,'

Or have you heard your father, or your grandpa, or his dad,

Within your hearing intimate that any of them had

The symptoms that would indicate tuberculosis?"

"No."

"I'm very glad, indeed, young man, to have you tell me so."

He took the heart and liver, lights and kidneys in their turn;

He asked a thousand questions in anxiety to learn  
If Peter's parents, brothers, sisters, uncles or his  
aunts,

## WHY PETER DIDN'T PASS

Had cancers, boils or tumors, Bright's disease,  
St. Vitus dance,  
The fever, grip or small-pox, erysipelas or gout,  
And if he'd had the measles, did they properly  
come out?  
And if he used tobacco, did he smoke or chew  
the weed?  
In eating, was he careful that he didn't overfeed?  
All these, and other questions, Doctor Brown  
threw at poor Pete;  
He measured him with tapeline, sounded him  
from head to feet;  
He touched him for a dollar; made him sign his  
rights away  
To enter legal action, lest there'd be a claim to  
pay,  
But once he got Pete's coin he promptly turned  
him down; you know,  
The doctor found that Peter had a corn on his  
wee toe.

## OUR NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

From year to year we scheme and plan to  
overcome mistakes,

And do our best to keep away from clever  
gold-brick fakes.

The year about concluded, our achievements we  
check o'er;

Our failures, too, we study, and we promise never  
more

To harbor detrimentals to success—we swear to  
go

The next twelve months with brakes on, but it's  
true, as we'all know,

That New Years' resolutions are not made of stuff  
to wear;

They're usu'lly constructed out of fibre of thin air.  
Among our resolutions at the advent of the year,  
Are some we make when we are very, very  
insincere.

We make our resolutions and we feel like beings  
who,

With ev'ry brand of wickedness, forever more are  
through.

We have a saintly feeling in the region of the  
heart;

## OUR NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

We wouldn't—no, we couldn't, with a single  
friendship part.  
Equipped with brand new pledges, we commence  
the glad New Year.  
But ere it's nicely started we learn just how  
insincere  
We were when we resolved to change our badness  
into good,  
And only do the things that we, to keep our  
manhood should.  
Among our resolutions are a few we always make:  
We tell our wives hereafter nothing stronger we  
will take  
Than lemon-sour or soda and we'll pass up all  
cigars;  
We'll do our best to "cut out" for the year, all  
family jars;  
We'll docile be when call-boy comes to call us in  
the night  
For trains of ninety cars or more, while other  
crews run "light";  
We'll not display our temper, we'll show kindness  
to the boy:  
We'll nothing do in future, fellow trainmen to  
annoy;  
And should we be suspended by the M. M. for  
neglect  
To have our watch examined, why, we'll hide the  
bad effect  
It has upon our temper—yes, we'll simply smile  
and say,

## OUR NEW YEARS' RESOLUTIONS

We're sorry, very sorry, we annoyed the  
company;  
We'll pay our debts so promptly that we'll take  
the merchants' breath;  
We'll quit the race for style and in the plainest  
fashion dress;  
And say, we'll keep our temper when house-  
cleaning time comes 'round,  
When asked to put up stove pipes, or a dusty  
carpet pound;  
With leaving wife alone at night and club-life, we  
are through;  
We'll keep our resolutions—as we generally do;  
We'll lay them by and keep them 'till the next  
New Year comes 'round,  
When we'll again renew them—*but by them we'll  
not be bound.*

## I'M THINKING OF YOU YET

I passed the dear old farm to-day,  
A passenger upon my way,  
But ah! I missed the window light  
That used to greet me in the night,

Placed there by you that I might know  
You watched our engine come and go;  
And in the glare of firebox bright,  
I'd wave an answer to your light.

That's years ago, sweet country maid,  
But often since that time I've said  
It would with satisfaction fill  
My heart to learn you're single still.

For I'm a bachelor, and though  
It is so many years ago  
Since you your beacon used to set  
For me—I'm thinking of you yet.

## BROWN ISN'T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW

Brown was an anti-millionaire; the sign of dollars  
made him swear.

He thought it would be simply great if we could  
just exterminate

The money kings and Wall Street fry, who make  
the poor man cringe and sigh,

By their unscrupulous concern in things they think  
they can discern

An opportunity to take, by schemes, what honest  
workmen make.

Brown cursed the plutocrats and those who,  
decked in costly jew'ls and clothes,

Live lives of idleness and sin, and worldly  
admiration win,

By scattering, with wasteful hand, ill-gotten gains  
throughout the land.

Now, Brown to union men had said that men  
with millions never made

Their money in an honest way, and he sincerely  
hoped the day

Would come when ev'ry millionaire the fate of  
criminals would share;

And when we had them all in jail, peace and  
contentment would prevail.

## BROWN ISN'T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW

He stumped the country and he told the people of  
the common fold  
How they were being bought and sold, like  
Joseph was, for so much gold.  
He thought that ev'ry millionaire should be by law  
compelled to share  
What wealth he had with other men, and start in  
a poor man again.  
He made use of the daily press, newspaper readers  
to address.  
He figured this the greatest way of getting at the  
world to-day.  
By working people, he was sent to interview the  
President,  
To see if he'd endeavor to have Congress put a  
measure through  
To stop this money-spending tribe who, with their  
dollars, often bribe  
Law-makers to support a bill, against the common  
people's will.  
The world of gold appeared to be, to him like  
an unfathomed sea,  
Where honor, conscience, truth and right, once  
entered into, sank from sight;  
For lucre made of man a slave whose servitude  
closed with the grave—  
'Twas horrible to contemplate the deep contempt,  
the innate hate,  
That seemed to animate friend Brown when he  
saw millionaires around—



## BROWN ISN'T PRESIDENT—NOT NOW

Brown got a wire one day which read:

*Your Uncle Bubblebee is dead;  
All his estate is willed to you,  
So please advise what we should do.  
'Tis worth a million, so that you  
Hereafter will have naught to do  
But ride your auto and just share  
The comforts of a millionaire.*

Of Labor Union, Forty-Eight, 'tis most annoying  
to relate,

Brown isn't president—not now. 'Twould be  
improper, you'll allow,

To have him occupy the chair—*He's now a hated  
millionaire.*

## IN THE OLDEN DAYS

"Here, Miss McRapid, take this down," said the  
M. M. with settled frown—

"To J. P. Smith, switch engineer: Dear Sir,—I  
have before me here

A letter from Yardmaster Carr, which says you  
caused a frightful jar

To dining car nine-forty-four, which threw the  
dishes to the floor.

The breakage in the car was such that to replace  
will cost us much.

One hundred dollars will not pay the damage that  
you've done, they say.

A statement I must have to show just why you  
handled this car so;

And in your statement also say the hours of sleep  
you had that day.

I hear my men don't take their rest while off their  
engines. It is best

To put a stop to this thing now. I've been too  
'easy,' you'll allow.

I note the switchman states here, too, he did his  
best to signal you;

He swung you down in time, but he claims you,  
the signal did not see.

## IN THE OLDEN DAYS

This proves you must have been asleep or lost in  
aberration deep;

I really think that you should be discharged  
outright. You must agree

Such work I cannot tolerate, and keep the  
service up to date.

You'll, therefore, at my office be to-morrow  
afternoon at three."

Smith called next day and got his time, although  
he'd worked upon the line

Most of his life; the M. M. said that for his work  
the road had paid,

But not a single word of praise for faithful work  
of other days;

Just sent adrift, not even heard, dismissed upon  
another's word.

He knew that he was not at fault and thought it  
time to call a halt

To unfair discipline; but true, alone, what could  
the poor man do?

He'd toiled for years and felt that he from unjust  
censure should be free;

Would that day come when men could use their  
strength against such rank abuse,

And make the road officials feel that nothing  
equals a square deal?

This hanging men without a tri'l would any  
Christian temper rile.

But brothers, 'twas the gen'ral way adopted in  
the olden day;

## IN THE OLDEN DAYS

But thanks to our great Brotherhood, if it should  
do no further good  
Than oust the tyrants, those who thought that  
workingmen like helots ought  
To stand for slander and abuse and not their rights  
of manhood use,  
'Twould long ago have justified its use to those  
who have relied  
Upon its strength to get fair play from men who  
anything would say,  
Provided they their point could gain by lying  
tongue or cunning brain.  
And when our train officials show they've no  
regard for men, we know  
'Twill but encourage men to fight for what they  
know is fair and right.  
What men want now, who work by day, is manly  
treatment and fair pay;  
Defense in trouble, by the \* man who ought to  
help them when he can,  
And not a "knock." Officials who observe this  
rule not only do  
Themselves a service, but 'tis true, they serve well,  
men and railroad too.

\* **Master Mechanic**

## THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

*We think the time has surely come when  
workingmen should see*

*That in their interests it is best that toilers  
should agree*

*To just shake hands with Capital and  
thus admit that they*

*Have vanquished been in their attempt,  
the hands of Greed to stay.*

'Tis thus we hear the advocates of worldly peace  
proclaim—

Those shallow-minded theorists who seek for  
earthly fame;

Shame on the man who'd thoughtlessly by either  
tongue or pen,

Propose to join the selfish hand of Capital, with  
men

Who have been victimized by those, who, in their  
greed for wealth,

Have robbed the men who labor, of their earnings  
and their health;

And placed the children given them to rear in  
Christ's sweet name,

In hovels and surroundings that should cause the  
blush of shame

## THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

To tinge the cheek of ev'ry man whose soul is  
not bereft  
Of ev'ry human interest—with spark of fairness  
left.  
By all that's fair, why should the men with horny  
hands of toil,  
Be made to feel that they are just poor victims of  
the spoil?  
Made so by greedy parasites, whose worthless  
lives should be  
Repudiated by all men with sense enough to see  
In the appeal, "to shake the hand," rank  
inconsistency.  
Why should the men who've suffered much, once  
more insulted be?  
When Labor takes the rich man's hand 'twill be  
when rich men learn  
The golden rule which would give men what men  
by labor earn.  
What then of idle parasites who take what toilers  
earn,  
And throw them back a pittance for their share?  
They'll some day learn  
There has been an awakening among the sons of  
toil,  
Who're planning now to put a stop to what's been  
rich man's spoil.  
And it will be a golden age when ev'ry man must  
work,  
When men who live in idleness and honest labor  
shirk,

## THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

Will starve to death and pass away, to make  
room for the men

Who earn their bread by sweat of brows; what  
happiness will then

Pervade the earth; no longer will "Divine-right"  
law prevail.

No wonder honest workingmen against this  
system rail.

Why should some men be born with wealth and  
some be born as slaves?

Why shouldn't men who lega'ly steal be classed  
with thieves and knaves?

The men who rob in legal way our law may  
satisfy,

But there's a higher law these men must one day  
justify,

A law which reads: "Thou Shalt Not Steal," alas!  
there's many who

Interpret this to suit themselves, but some day  
they will rue

Their treatment of God's poor who cry against  
oppressive wrongs,

For ev'ry man, regardless of his social grade,  
belongs

To God's Eternal Kingdom, and must render to  
the Lord

A record of his stewardship, and then receive  
reward

Or punishment, accordingly as he has done on  
earth.

## THEIR GREEDINESS FOR GOLD

What then to some will all the wealth they now  
possess be worth,  
If tortured, in the world to come, by wails and  
cries of those  
Who'll testify against them, when their lives on  
earth are closed?  
No sir! we will not shake the hand of those  
oppressors bold,  
Whose only God appears to be their greediness  
for gold.  
We'd rather clasp the poor man's hand, made  
rough by honest toil,  
*Than that which never yet reached out to poor men  
but for spoil.*

## IN CHARITY'S SWEET NAME

*Come, brothers, let us try and be  
United in our charity.  
If some poor brother has a load  
He's strug'ling with along life's road,  
Give him a lift, a word of cheer;  
Show him fraternity sincere.  
If clouds of sorrow make his way  
A darksome one, be first to say  
You'll do your best, with hand or purse,  
His clouds of sorrow to disperse.*



## WOULD WISH HIMSELF BACK

I had read of the warmth of the tropics,  
I imagined I knew what heat meant;  
I believed in my mind I could picture  
The abode to which sinners are sent.

I had read of the heat of the desert,  
How the hot sun will drive people mad;  
Now I know what it means to be roasted,  
And why preachers for sinners feel sad.

For I've just made a trip on a Mallet,  
With a tank of the slackest of slack—  
If the devil were called for a Mallet,  
Why! to hell he would wish himself back.

## HAMILTON! DELIGHTFUL SPOT!

What men are those of stalwart frame,  
That flocking to our city came?  
Who are they pray? Why are they here?  
They're union men who know not fear,  
Knights of the throttle, scoop and rail,  
Men who in danger never fail.

You ask their business, why they meet;  
Their mission's one of peace. To greet  
The brothers here, and with them share  
Affection that you do not spare.  
That's why they're guests of yours to-day,  
Delighted with the place, they say.

They come from North, South, East  
and West,  
Of this fair land, by nature blessed.  
But hold! We also have them too,  
From Uncle Sam's domains, as true  
As brothers who would gladly cheer  
The Union Jack if flaunted near.

## HAMILTON! DELIGHTFUL SPOT!

They're men who've often been delayed;  
Who've stood before the gauge and prayed  
That purchasers of "slack" might yell  
For water until hoarse in—well!  
A place that's open night and day  
To men who'd take our rights away.

They're men whose hands are toughened,  
    too,  
By honest toil, with hearts as true  
As those possessed by lovers bold,  
Whose deeds in story book are told;  
Whose warm hand clasp takes from the eye  
The tears, and from the heart the sigh.

They're men who've suffered much on earth,  
Who, while you slumbered in your berth,  
Toiled with the shovel, rake or bar,  
And whirled you on your journey far.  
For these brave men death has no fear,  
"My duty," is their motto here.

O Hamilton! delightful spot!  
Not in your hist'ry has there sought  
Your city, braver, better men  
Than those I'm praising with my pen,  
So bear in mind, it will repay  
To treat them kindly while they stay.

*Written for the Hamilton Union Meeting*

## SHEPHERDS OF THE FLOCK

I like those modest, gentle men,  
Who seem to be most happy when  
Performing, in their quiet way,  
Life's duties as they come each day,  
With sentiments of love as great  
As are displayed to potentate,  
By those who gather 'round his throne,  
Prepared to worship him alone;  
As peaceful in their lives as those  
Who, clad in gentle shepherd's clothes,  
Watch o'er the lambs, lest one should be  
Subjected to an injury.

## BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN !

Pete was an anti-suffragette, as ardent as one ever met.

He thought those female freaks should be by some sane method made to see

The error of their ways; that they should be obliged by law to stay

At home where they could cook and sew and watch a flock of children grow.

Pete argued that the world would be more peaceful if they would agree

To leave election work to men, who'd handle it far better when

The women folks were nowhere near, the statesmen of the land to jeer,

Because they have enacted laws that women think are full of flaws.

Pete thought their policy would be the cause of endless misery,

Should laws be passed which would allow reforms they're advocating now.

"Those females who desire to vote," said Pete, "have surely got my goat.

If by mistake one I should wed, and share with her my board and bed,

## BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN!

I'd have her quickly understand that no law-  
breaking noisy band  
Of women would prevail on her to join with them,  
or there'd occur  
Within the home a fracas, she, the like would  
never care to see"—  
'Twas shortly after this Pete met a handsome,  
stunning suffragette  
With eyes of clearest turquoise blue and hair a  
pretty chestnut hue,  
With voice so soft and sweet that she, a perfect  
angel seemed to be.  
Pete figured he the girl could win, if he the  
right love-dope could chin  
Into her ear; soon she'd agree, with Pete a  
minister to see.  
With this in view Pete told the maid she didn't  
need to feel afraid  
To risk her life with him for he, with all her  
wishes would agree.  
He promised her that he would be the model of  
the century;  
He'd wash the dishes, scrub the floor; her mother,  
too, he'd just adore;  
He'd keep a maid to dress her, too, if she thought  
this too much to do.  
Now Pete was like most single men, who promise  
anything, but when  
Once married, then they do not care how much  
their poor wives rear and tear.

## BEWARE, YE SINGLE MEN!

In time Pete wed the girl and now 'tis said she'll  
even not allow  
Poor Pete to leave the house at night, because she  
doesn't think it right  
That newly married men should be entitled to  
such liberty.  
So Pete just sits at home and pines; the only  
happiness he finds  
Is thinking of the days when he from dreaded  
suffragettes was free;  
But not so with the wife for she, at meetings of  
the club must be;  
And there she spends her days and nights in  
advocating woman's rights.

### *THE PENITENTIAL SEASON*

*O Spring, thou cruel, heartless thing,  
The season woman has her fling,  
And from strong man withdraws her trust,  
And fills his mortal clay with dust.*

*His meals, she serves upon the lawn,  
His heart is sore; he heaves a yawn  
And tries to make the best of life  
To please his dust-pursuing wife.*

*Alas! this life has sorrows great;  
Man never learns his destined fate  
Until his wife, with rush and frown,  
His domicile turns upside down.*

## WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW

“Here caller, take this list of names, call on those  
men and say

The M. M. orders that they all report for work  
to-day.

There’s thirteen names upon the list; you ought  
to get a few

To help us out. Now hustle boy, and see what  
you can do.”

*The wind howled frightfully outside, the tracks were  
blocked with snow—*

*Of course this has no bearing on my tale, as I will  
show—*

The caller took the list and bravely faced the  
stormy foe,

With hopes that he’d be able to induce the men  
to go

To work, so that important trains, that had been  
long delayed,

Could go, particularly those with red “rush” cards  
displayed.

Poor fellow tramped through snow drifts deep,  
and braved the howling wind;

From house to house he plodded on, in hopes that  
he might find



## WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW

At least a few who would consent to make a trip,  
but lo!  
Although he tramped for hours he failed to get a  
man to go.  
Lest there be some who'll think this scarcity of  
men was due  
To stormy weather, I will try and prove this  
thought untrue.  
For Jones had "Grip"; Smith had a back with  
pain that made him groan;  
Brown's wife was sick, he couldn't think of  
leaving her alone;  
And Casey was subpoenaed as a witness for next  
day;  
Of course, we know, from court he wouldn't  
dare remain away;  
Poor Grey, he told the caller that that day he had  
received  
A telegram informing him that he had been  
bereaved;  
The funeral would be at once and he would have  
to go,  
Much as he would enjoy the fun of railroading in  
snow;  
Jack Reynolds didn't dare go out lest he should  
catch more cold,  
For mustard plasters, even then, his body did  
enfold.  
Thus one by one the thirteen men excused  
themselves that day.

## WHEN WINTRY WINDS DO BLOW

And think! the roundhouse boss was mean enough  
to swear and say  
That once the sun got shining and the balmy  
summer's breeze  
Replaced the blustry, wintry blasts, that sting and  
bite and freeze,  
The sick would all recover and the thirteen men  
would be,  
Throughout the summer months from sickness  
and engagements, free.  
He said some men were thoughtful of the "spares"  
when ice and snow  
Tie up the trains and wintry winds di'bolicly  
blow.  
But notwithstanding criticisms such as those, we  
know  
*The boss was wrong when he placed all the blame on  
wind and snow.*

## THANKFUL FOR EACH DAY

When the earth is robed in white,  
With bright snow flakes, soft and light,  
Then the clear-toned sleigh bells sweet,  
Human hearts with jingle greet,  
So merrily.

When the earth is robed in green,  
Flow'r-deck'd like a fairy queen,  
'Neath the shade we love to stroll,  
Ev'ning bells day's death then toll  
So solemnly.

Some love winter, with its cheer,  
Others welcome summer here,  
Then they dream 'neath leafy bow'rs,  
Perfumed by earth's sweetest flow'rs,  
So fragrantly.

Ev'ry season has its charm;  
Be it cold or be it warm,  
Still, the cheerful heart will say:  
"Lord, I thank Thee for each day!"  
So earnestly.

## TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

Ten thousand men, the records say, were not upon  
our roll  
When Carter sent the order out for Eastern roads  
to poll.  
Ten thousand firemen who should be among the  
tried and true,  
Who should be working for the cause as earnestly  
as you,  
Were found to be outside the pale of unionism,  
still,  
These men responded in a way that caused our  
hearts to thrill,  
When asked if they would stand with us and back  
up our demand,  
Thus demonstrating that they had a good full box  
of sand.  
'Twas when the crucial test was made they showed  
us where they stood;  
Their hearts were right although they failed to  
join the Brotherhood.  
No doubt they're good material to place before  
the "goat"  
Because they stood, yea, to a man, prepared to  
sink or float

## TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

With our good ship, the Brotherhood, which sails  
along the way

To ports "Prosperity" and "Peace," undaunted by  
dismay—

Ports where the worthy sons of toil in justice will  
receive

Full recompense for honest work—where men in  
man believe.

Where crafty money kings will learn that Labor  
has its rights,

For what we've got and what we've won have cost  
us bitter fights—

And ah! the bitterness, the grief, the sacrifices, too,  
Engendered, shared, and made by those in  
overalls of blue,

In order that full justice might be done to those  
who toil

By day and night, long weary hours, besmirched  
with grease and oil—

And think! ten thousand men stood by while  
others paved the way

To victory by contributions from their daily pay!

For years, perhaps, these men have shared the  
fruits of Labor's fights—

Just took what others earned for them—enjoying  
equal rights,

Without the contribution of a cent—without a  
thought

Of what they owed the Brotherhood—no, these  
men never sought

## TEN THOUSAND MEN STOOD BY!

To be enrolled as helpers under Carter's watchful  
eye,  
With ninety thousand men on whom for help they  
could rely—  
Ten thousand men! what work is here for union  
men to do!  
We need them in the Brotherhood 'long with the  
tried and true.  
We want these men to share in our great work of  
charity;  
We need them in the Brotherhood where honest  
men should be—  
Men worthy of men's confidence—shame on the  
person who  
Will reap the benefit of what his fellow-workers do  
And not have pride enough to join and show in-  
tention right—  
Though blind for years we trust these men have  
now regained their sight.  
*With these ten thousand men we'd be one hundred  
thousand strong,*  
*So let each brother do his part to help the work along.*

## A FOUL TIP

At times I sit and ponder,  
    'Taint laziness, I know,  
But then the boss can't see it  
    That way; he thinks it so.

Last week he caught me thinking,  
    My thoughts were of the past,  
He said, "I'm trusting, 'Weary,'  
    This dream will be the last."

That's why I cannot figure  
    The baseball "dope"—you see,  
If I'm again caught thinking  
    'Twill be all off with me.

## THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

In ev'ry daily paper we, the foolish yellow items see,

About the possibility of war, because we disagree  
With other nations, that would fight, believing  
we've not used them right.

'Tis then before the world is flared the news that  
we are unprepared.

We'll have to build war vessels 'till we'll have so  
many they will fill

With consternation those they say are looking for  
our scalps to-day.

In other countries 'tis the same; there's people  
working this same game.

They're scheming on their beds at night to get the  
nations in a fight—

Well, not exactly a fight, but just to get the people  
right

To sanction large expenditure upon the latest  
armature.

What working men would like to know is, why we  
enmity should show

To one another just because those diplomats  
believe the laws

Aren't being properly observed, or other kindred  
interests served?



## THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

What have those people said or done that we  
    should have to shoulder gun,  
And murder those we never saw, to satisfy a cruel  
    law,  
Which makes it right to kill and maim, that wealth  
    may by the slaughter gain.  
It isn't those who toil in peace, that ruthless dogs  
    of war release,  
But those who make our wars are they who run  
    to fight another day.  
The money kings think it's not right that they  
    should be compelled to fight;  
They think they're made of better clay than those  
    who toil ten hours a day.  
But tillers of the soil and those attir'd in bluejean  
    working clothes,  
Who are the mainstay of the land, are asked to  
    form a murd'rous band,  
And kill each other, while the men who cause  
    our wars, with tongue and pen,  
Call loudly for more men to go to fight the  
    country's common foe.  
What dupes we common people be that we're  
    not wise enough to see  
The folly of all war and strife—the wisdom of the  
    peaceful life!  
Let money kings and others who have little else  
    in life to do  
But stir up trouble, war and strife, without regard  
    for loss of life,  
Be made to fight, as others do, then friends we  
    kindly ask of you

## THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

To note how anxious they will be, a cruel,  
bloody war to see—

Oh, for the peaceful, happy life! when we can  
put aside all strife

And join with other nations who will join with us  
in trying to

Advance the interests of each, and thus by good  
example teach

The golden law of peace and love, the stern  
command of Him above,

Who taught that ev'ry man should be our  
neighbor, and commanded we

Should from our sinful hearts expel the vicious  
thoughts that therein dwell.

So let us hope that we will see the day when  
nations will be free

From wars and strife; that happy day when wars  
forever pass away.

## THE GREATER PRIZE

Passions tempt us, then they chastise,  
They allure but to destroy;  
Glitt'ring avenues of pleasure  
Lead from everlasting joy.

Passion's way is strewn with roses,  
But alas! the end is death;  
Those who follow where it leadeth  
Find there, sorrow, pain, distress.

Those who scorn its deadly suasion,  
And upon its temptings frown,  
Miss life's transitory pleasures  
But attain a saintly crown.

## WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO

It's not surprising in our day to hear railroad  
officials say

They really cannot see a way to grant their men a  
raise in pay;

They argue that the rates are low, received for  
hauling freight. They grow

Indignant when they're asked to show where  
dividends, declared, now go.

"Railroads are being run to-day at a big loss,"  
we hear them say—

"We'd like to deal with our men fair; we'd like  
to give them a good share

Of what is made, but, truly, we cannot do so. If  
we could see

A way to increase freight rates then we'd grant a  
raise to all our men;

But laws have been placed on the book that to  
directors unjust look.

Of course, the people make the laws, and these  
are often passed because

The public think shareholders' greed extends  
beyond immed'ate need.

How people figure this to be, we shareholders  
have failed to see."

## WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO

What are the facts? Why is it true that it's  
impossible to do  
Full justice to the men whose lives the nature of  
their work deprives  
Of pleasures, such as are enjoyed by men, on  
railroads not employed?  
Just where the railroad profits go, the daily press  
despatches show  
We read that Morgan sails to-day upon the  
Mauretania  
For Europe, where he hopes to be the guest of  
titled monarchy;  
Carnegie, too, will also go to Scotland, where he  
hopes to show  
The natives of that dear old land how wealth can  
vanish from his hand;  
That these two men intend to buy some costly  
art that caught their eye.  
From Europe to New York they'll bring such  
treasures that the press will sing  
Their praises 'till their names will be plain  
household words on land and sea.  
An art collection, such as we poor mortals never  
hope to see,  
Will be bought up; 'tis thus we know where surplus  
railroad earnings go.  
They'll pay more for a well-bred pup, with  
crooked legs and nose turned up,  
Than would an orphanage endow, and to God's  
little ones allow  
The comforts which the rich man's greed took  
from them in their hour of need—  
Poor little blossoms! crushed and bruised; into  
their blighted lives infused

## WHERE RAILROAD PROFITS GO

More grief and weariness and pain than this world  
can wipe out again—  
And thus it is that railroads now cannot a raise  
in pay allow.  
For Goulds and Astors there must be enough to  
keep them spending free;  
For Vanderbilts and Carnegies, and other men  
who live at ease  
Upon the fruits of honest toil, there must be  
nothing done to foil  
Their schemes and plans to take the toll that  
from the hands of labor roll.  
Alas! the men who make the wealth, by toil and  
sacrifice of health,  
Do not receive an honest share, because of tactics  
most unfair.  
Each workman surely ought to be entitled to the  
portion he  
Earns by the sweating of his brow; that this is fair  
all must allow.  
Those pampered parasites of wealth who live by  
intrigue, schemes and stealth!  
If there's a real hot spot in hell 'twill be reserved  
to roast them well.  
The wealth they now possess on earth, when they  
land there, will not be worth  
As much as a few drops would be, of sparkling  
moisture, such as we  
See glist'ning on the dew-wet rose that in the  
poor man's garden grows.  
So let us hope these men will see the error of  
their policy  
Before Death lays an icy hand upon this greedy,  
selfish band.











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